

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c

August 26 1961

Special report to Canada



BERLIN

The propaganda crisis

FROM GERMANY: The Russians are threatening to retreat

FROM WASHINGTON: Roll call of the fast-growing, war-minded right

Hugh MacLennan on the revolution in Quebec

A doctor's warning: most blood transfusions are dangerous



Photograph taken in Pacific Ocean

O'Keefe Ale is a life (of the party) preserver. If you're lost in a sea of indifferent ales, say OK for O'Keefe and get the natural flavour of pure ale. At your next party, keep pleasure afloat with a yo-ho-ho and a case of O'Keefe. It's the ale that party-givers and party-goers like because there's a whole raft of refreshment in every bottle.



How we'll try to fight the perils of atomic waste

As the dawn of our atomic age approaches, Canada faces a problem that plagues all industrial nations: what to do with the radioactive "waste" from the nuclear process. There are now seven reactors operating in Canada, producing 170 pounds of atomic waste a year. By 1965, ten reactors will produce four times as much waste, ranging from used fuel elements containing intensely radioactive fission products, to diluted wastes such as the water used to cool reactors. How will they be disposed of? Are the dangers being avoided? Officially, yes. Maclean's Ottawa editor Peter C. Newman interviewed Dr. C. A. Mawson, head of the environmental research branch of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.:

How dangerous is atomic waste, Dr. Mawson?

Potentially, quite dangerous. Fission products contain toxic radio-isotopes such as strontium 90. However, there are in use safe methods of managing them. If these methods are followed, the hazard to the public is no greater than that from other industrial operations.

What are these "safe methods" for getting rid of atomic waste?

It can either be confined so that it doesn't escape into the environment or it can be diluted before it is dispersed, so that its concentrations in the public domain are negligibly small. The second method can only be used with low-level wastes. We use both methods. We liberate filtered gases from high stacks and dilute liquids into reactor cooling water which goes into the river. We also put low-level liquids into the ground. High-level wastes are confined in underground tanks or buried in sealed concrete containers.

Has there been any public hazard?

So far about 800 pounds of fission products have been produced at Chalk River and there has been no evidence whatsoever of any public hazard.

There's been some talk about Perch Lake. What did you find there?

Perch Lake tests showed that even if the stream draining the lake were used for drinking water in the plant, the workers would receive only a fraction of the maximum permissible intake of radionuclides. The flesh of fish from the lake could be eaten with complete safety.

Is there any truth to the report that Perch Lake fish have died?

Fish in Perch Lake, like fish everywhere, have died. But there is no evidence whatever that this was due to radioactivity.

Are there any new developments in sight for disposing of atomic waste? What about baking it into glass, for instance?

Experimental fixation in glass has been carried out successfully and radioactive glass has been buried below the water table. Also, very promising work is in progress at Chalk River for purification of liquid wastes by passing them through a mineral called clinoptilolite. This material removes the most hazardous radionuclides.

Would you say the disposal of atomic waste is a major problem?

No, providing that there is normal vigilance, a sense of responsibility and willingness to spend a reasonable amount of money. The cost of waste management is estimated to be one per cent of the cost of nuclear power. ✓

WATCH FOR

MORE ACCURATE FORECASTS from the weather-watchers of the Department of Transport. With the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, the DOT is testing an unmanned weather station, powered by an atomic battery, on Graham Island, just 750 miles south of the north pole. If it works, more will be scattered throughout the arctic — in such previously impossible (for manned stations) places as the middle of Hudson Bay, giving meteorologists a much closer fix on what kind of weather's coming from where. Meanwhile, **WATCH OUT FOR** commercials with your weather forecasts. A telephone answering service in Calgary has instituted an idea

that's been working on a smaller scale in Vancouver for more than a year. People dial an advertised number for a recorded forecast, but get a commercial first.

WHEY: Little Miss Muffet's favorite breakfast food, a by-product of cheese, has now been turned into a powder that will be used commercially in cookies and candies and things. There is no recent news about curds.

AN AUTUMN TURKEY GLUT: Turkey producers have seen it coming for almost a year, according to professor Ross Cavers of the Ontario Agricultural College, but the industry is "too immature" to plan ahead. Most turkey producers, he says, still work in two-year cycles: one year they don't

produce enough and prices rise, so the next year they produce too much and prices fall. This year Cavers anticipates a record crop of 145,000,000 pounds of white and dark meat and predicts a sharp drop in prices between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Meanwhile, the Canadian Turkey Federation is trying to alert its members with the slogan, "Will '61 be overdone?"

TREES THAT WALK LIKE MEN: A Tennessee hunter named Harold L. Webb has patented a shooter's blind that looks like a tree stump. It's made of two wooden segments held together by bolts and painted to resemble bark. The bottom is held down by pegs camouflaged as roots and the top swings open to let the hunter stand up and shoot.

PROFILE: Why the U.S. may adopt colored money



Treasurer Smith

Whether it's worth more or less than ours, American paper money has long been a petty annoyance to Canadian tourists who often hand over a ten-spot for a dollar's worth of cigarettes. Now the U. S. is thinking seriously of adopting our style of different colors for different denominations. What's more, a Canadian, or at least an ex-Canadian, is showing them why and how. She's Elizabeth Rudel Smith, the new treasurer of the United States, who admits that "my experience in Canada convinced me that bills of different colors are a very practical assistance to making quick change and in identifying money." One of her best arguments is a roll of \$88 in Canadian bills.

Mrs. Smith, a brown-haired and vivacious widow, was born in Montreal about half a century ago. Her American parents owned the Rudel Machinery Co. there. (The firm was sold to Canadian Fairbanks-Morse last year and Mrs. Smith's brother, who still lives in Montreal, now serves as vice-president.) She was educated in private schools around Montreal and com-

muted from there to university in the U. S. Though she had dual citizenship when she left Montreal at twenty, she left as a Canadian and didn't straighten out her American citizenship till she was nearly thirty. Before her marriage to a California businessman she was a feature editor on the San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal. She has one daughter, one son and two grandchildren ("some of my best friends are under seven") and she has been interested in California Democratic politics for years. Before her appointment

to the New Frontier she was the state's assistant labor commissioner.

In a much less important way, Mrs. Smith's new job is roughly equivalent to that of governor of the Bank of Canada—she signs the folding money, for one thing.

Will she soon be signing colored folding money? So far, Mrs. Smith has been unable to get any action out of her two bosses, Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon and President Kennedy, each of whom has more pressing problems. But, she says, her mail is running about four to one in favor of her proposal, with many of the favorable letters coming from cashiers in restaurants and stores who have had to make good for big bills they've given away by mistake. One of the most common unfavorable arguments she hears is that anyone looking over your shoulder will be able to see how much you've withdrawn from the bank. When she hears that, Mrs. Smith whips out her eighty-eight Canadian dollars, holds the roll sideways, and says "Not if you hold it that way." — KNOWLTON NASH.

Some small towns spring to life: will they like it?

Two decades ago, 59 percent of the people of Manitoba lived in the country or in very small towns. Two years ago, it was the other way round: 59 percent were living in cities. And most of those who have moved have been young, which has meant that a greater and greater percentage of those left behind have been elderly and more and more of the province's rural communities have grown sleepy and stagnant.

Now that situation is beginning to change — largely because of a deliberate campaign launched by Premier Duff Roblin's Conservatives. The idea behind it is what Roblin calls "decentralization" — setting up new, small industries in the old, small towns. The trick is to talk the little towns into forming development corporations, and then match local investment with government loans.

Roblin's minister of industry and commerce, Gurney Evans, and Evans' deputy minister Rex Grose, started in 1958. They divided the province into

seven regions, then assessed each region's assets and liabilities and began giving pep-talks to groups "right down to Ladies' Aid," in Grose's phrase.

The campaign has had its effects. Already 159 factories have opened in small towns, and industries have invested or promised to invest more than \$150 million.

How does it work? Take Carberry, a town of 1,650, whose development corporation raised \$62,500. With that, the corporation bought an abandoned airport. One hangar was sold to potato growers for a warehouse two others to a plant that makes roofing from wheat straw.

Evans and Grose proudly list two dozen other community corporations, and by and large most Manitobans — including even opposition MLAs — feel it's a pretty good deal. A few businessmen have squawked about using government funds (five million dollars have been lent so far) to help other busi-

nessmen, but most of what objections there are have come from labor leaders. Jimmy James, president of the Manitoba Federation of Labor, charges that garment factories are being set up in small towns to escape Winnipeg's higher minimum wage (66c an hour compared to 61c). "Five or six Winnipeg firms have changed their names and moved out to Mennonite areas to get away from union contracts," says James. Sam Goodman, vice-president of the MFL, says "moving the garment firms away from Winnipeg will leave a pool of unemployed, skilled workers in the city."

How are the small towns themselves taking their great leap forward? Most of them like it, naturally. Still . . .

"Carberry is just like a big happy family," says Hazel Barrister, a member of the committee that helped raise the \$62,500. "I like to see industry come in, but I'm afraid all this is going to disappear." — RAY TULLOCH

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: How the constitution keeps unemployed men unemployed

UNEMPLOYMENT HAS REVEALED another pocket in the constitutional strait jacket in which Canada is confined. The provincial monopoly of "education" makes it extremely and needlessly difficult to help the three quarters of our unemployed who need schooling before they can get secure jobs.

Ottawa has stretched the British North America Act far enough to allow federal aid to vocational education, and that permits a fairly ambitious program of retraining the unemployed for which Ottawa pays 75 percent of the cost. Sounds good. But the catch is that almost all vocational training courses require grade ten or grade nine education as a prerequisite—and the reason why the unemployed can't get jobs, in about three cases out of four, is that they haven't even got grade eight. People who haven't got grade eight (unless, as often happens, they've been able to educate themselves since leaving school) are only marginally literate. What they need more than anything else is to be retaught how to read, write and do simple arithmetic. Then,

but not until then, they'd be able to get some good out of vocational training.

Technically the problem is not too difficult. The teacher shortage has eased a good deal — in some provinces this year there are more teachers available than there are jobs. As for the money, it wouldn't take a very big fraction of the hundreds of millions we spend each year on unemployment insurance benefits and relief, to finance a crash program of adult education. The difficulty is in the constitution.

It's not trivial, either. Education, of all the provincial powers, is the one most jealously guarded by the Province of Quebec, and the slightest hint of invasion by Ottawa sets off a tremendous reaction of protest. But teaching a grown man to read is not quite the same thing as forming the mind of a young child, and the plight of the semiliterate unemployed is grave enough to warrant extraordinary measures. It's something for the federal government and the provincial premiers to talk about, when they get tired sharing out our tax dollars.

MAILBAG: The troubles of our magistrates' courts / What will the ESP tests really prove?

The situation in our magistrates' courts is even more serious than stated in Mr. Goldenberg's fine article (Justice Miscarries in our Police Courts, For the Sake of Argument, July 15). Our magistrates are on much too familiar terms with local police. Collusion is a strong and dangerous word, but you could find a lot of collusive atmosphere around where, quite obviously, the local magistrate has every opportunity to discuss evidence with police prior to trials. Magistrates' courts should be far removed from police premises, and magistrates should be absolutely forbidden to set foot in police premises. Both magistrates and judges should be required to give assurance from time to time that they have never discussed evidence with police prior to hearing a trial. — LEONARD A. BOND, SO. BURNABY, B.C.

How swift are the wings of thought?

Mr. Katz states that telepathy travels faster than the speed of light (Extrasensory Perception, July 29). This, I am afraid, is a postulate only. The maximum distance you can send and receive a telepathic message at the present time is about 8,000 miles (from one side of the earth to the other). Light travels this distance in less than one 20th of a second and I am afraid that there is no way of designing a telepathic experiment where the times could be measured to this degree of accuracy. We will have to wait until we can run telepathy experiments over astronomical — literally — distances before we can know if telepathy does propagate at faster than light speed. — JOHN A. ROBERTS, MONTREAL.

Teleological processes function according to the laws natural to their category — not according to the preconceived and arbitrary ideas of Dr. Rhine and his associates. If man would seek wholeness of mind first he would find that these processes would become available to him automatically. — E. MCRAE, NORTH SURREY, B.C.

While reading your article on ESP, a long-standing desire of mine was fulfilled. Among the published experiences was one of a woman from Thornhill, Ontario. I had read nearly to the bot-

tom of the article when the name Paul Reading almost jumped out at me and I realized the woman in the photo was my aunt, whom I have never seen either in life or a photograph, but whom I have often wondered about. I believe the customary expression is "Thanks" but that does not convey all your article meant to me. — MRS. HULLY J. HOLMES, GALT, ONT.

About sixty-eight out of every thousand people who send in that fool card will score three or more correct numbers. (About fifteen in ten thousand will score five or more.) A few of these people will make high scores in the next



tests offered to them. But this won't mean that they have ESP or any other alphabetical foolishness that Dr. Rhine's theories will ascribe to them. As long as he keeps his odds reasonable, somebody will win. — S. H. COLLINS, GUELPH, ONT.

Yes. But odds against scoring three or more right ten times in a row should impress even Mr. Collins.

Unwittingly your correspondents have recorded a damaging exposé of the aims and methods of the students of ESP. The evidence given of bias and preconception in the attitudes and laboratory methods of Rhine and his co-workers shows clearly why their brand of pseudo-science is rejected by the scientific community. You point out that your national-response ESP test will be guided at each step by Rhine and Pratt. This condition completely destroys its scientific value. — J. S. KIRKALDY, ANCASTER, ONT.

A CORRECTION: The IBM card in the experiment referred to here read

Maclean's-CBC-Duke University. The university points out that it is not connected with the test. The scientific consultants are Dr. J. B. Rhine and his parapsychology laboratory, which is at Duke. — The Editors

The drama of Alberta

An article on Mr. John Hirsch and the Manitoba Theatre Centre (Entertainment, July 1) clearly states that a Northern Alberta Theatre Centre has been set up in Edmonton, and infers that it is now in operation. This is not correct. There is at present no Northern Alberta Theatre Centre in existence in Edmonton or anywhere else in Alberta. We do, however, have plenty of lively, healthy theatres thriving all year round right across the province, and have had for many years past. — J. T. MCCREATH, SUPERVISOR OF DRAMA, GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA, EDMONTON.

Things are tough in Russia, too

Please don't take the reported sufferings of the artists who leave Russia for Canada too much to heart (The Canadian Ordeal of a Russian Ballet Star, Entertainment, July 1). The latest issue of Krokodil (Crocodile) has a series of cartoons to show how the new laws against "speculators" work. They show people getting two to five years in jail for buying books, fruit, etc., and making two to five rubels profit by reselling them. — JAS. R. BURCHELL, TORONTO.

Is there a "Jewish look"?

I do not question Joan Allen's (A Gentile Girl's Life in Israel, July 1) view of Jewish Israelis since she has spent a year and a half observing them and I have not. I do, however, question her views on the Jewish Canadian. (I use the singular for the 'Jewish Canadian' because from her article it is obvious that Miss Allen has closely observed one at most. She may have seen more but failed to recognize them because they were tall, blond and smoked cigarettes rather than cigars.) She went to Israel with a grossly distorted view of all Jews. She found that, in Israel, Jews of European origin seemed much the same as Gentiles of European origin.

She returns to Canada amazed that the earth over which Jews happen to be born can have such a strong effect on their hair color and nose shape. — LENORE ATWOOD, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

How to be popular

I would like to vehemently protest the shameful article by the Rev. Ray Goodall (Let's disqualify adultery as grounds for divorce, For the Sake of Argument, July 1). Why doesn't friend Ray declare himself a skeptic and fight divine revelation in some other way than under cover of the gospel ministry? It's pathetic what some men will stoop to in an effort to become popular. — REV. J. T. MCNAIR, CHILLIWACK, B.C.

One must admire Mr. Goodall's courage. Undoubtedly he will be savagely attacked, if not actually crucified. Few of those who do agree with him will dare to say so, for fear of being accused of having an axe to grind. — H. H. MARSHALL, TORONTO.

How to fight illiteracy

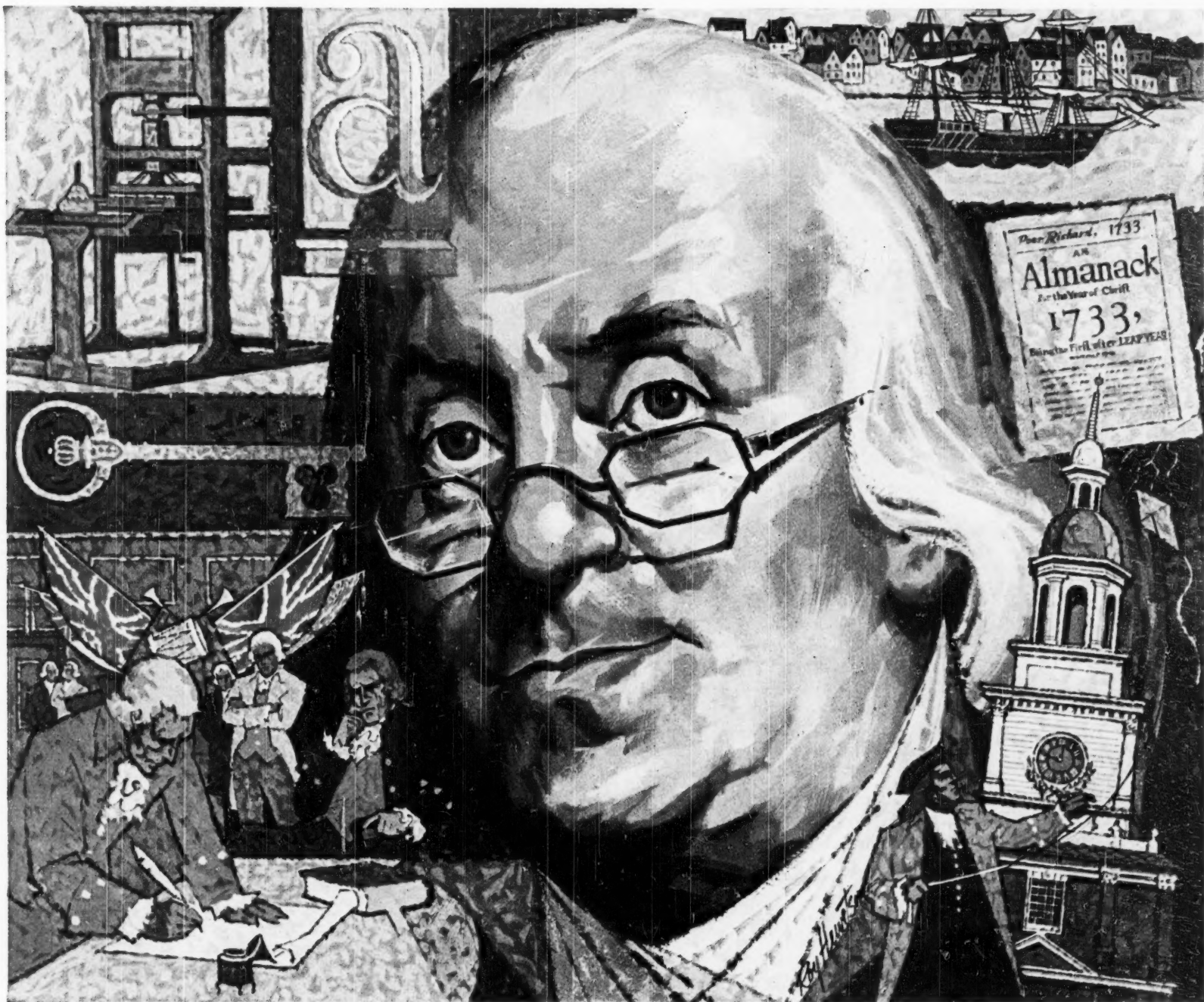
We would like Barbara Moon (Canada's 2,000,000 illiterates, May 6) to know that we in Saskatchewan not only share her concern regarding functional illiterates but have taken the initial steps to assist them. For several years now, night classes in adult elementary



education have been offered in various Saskatchewan communities and we hope many more people will take advantage of this opportunity in the future. — WILLARD AGNEW, THE ADULT EDUCATION DIVISION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, REGINA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 5

PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE



"BOOKISH" BEN...THE AGILE GENIUS

The tenth son of Josiah Franklin was a n'er-do-well. At least that was the firm opinion of the folks around Boston who claimed to know young Ben well. But in the early 1700's this dubious mantle was readily hung around the shoulders of all bookish youths who devoted most of their time to study.

As the years went by, Benjamin Franklin's many-faceted genius turned this criticism into praise and his accomplishments won him world acclaim. Franklin's statesmanship helped to produce the constitution of a great nation in the New World and to win acceptance for it in the old. His understanding of those around him led to the philosophic writings in his famed Poor Richard's Almanac. And his bound-

less curiosity prompted his identification of lightning and electricity.

Involved in so many and varied pursuits, Franklin still found time to be neighbourly. Perhaps this was his greatest asset for, through his example, he created a new respect for the individual's capacity to understand and serve.

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FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

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MACLEAN'S

The man to blame for the Columbia River foul-up The right place to find out who was who, when

In his article *The Great Columbia River Foul-up* (June 3) Bruce Hutchison refers as follows to the beginning of the Columbia River negotiations: "Its opening can be roughly dated as the year 1944, when Canada began to consider seriously the exploitation of the Columbia, north of the international boundary, in partnership with the United States." These negotiations trailed on indecisively for over 13 years. The U.S. had everything to gain by playing a waiting game, whereas British Columbia's need for more power for Vancouver and its growing industries was immediate. It was in 1957 — not after the Columbia treaty was signed, as Mr. Hutchison implies — that Premier Bennett entered into negotiations with the Wenner-Gren company whereby the Peace River Trench could be developed to provide all-Canadian power to the industries of the province. This brought action in a hurry from the U.S. who saw their dreams of Columbia development — largely at Canadian expense — beginning to fade, and expressed themselves ready to negotiate on terms much more favorable to Canada. Bennett's action on the Peace River development put trump cards into the hands of the federal government even if Davie Fulton has not made a good job of playing them. — E. V. HATTERSLEY, EDMONTON.

✓ Bruce Hutchison neglected one vital point: the production of foodstuffs is much more important than the storage of water in B.C. The province is richly endowed with water and sources of hydro power in the north. It is nothing less than stupid to destroy by flooding any of the good land that will produce fresh vegetables and fruit in a province which imports \$125,000,000 of foodstuffs annually. — E. F. EDGINGTON, NAKUSP, B.C.

✓ Apparently Mr. Hutchison is blaming Mr. Bennett for trying to get a good deal both for B.C. and for Canada out of the Columbia project, which those acting as delegates for Canada's federal government were, for political purposes, or by their incompetence, recklessly throwing away. — H. L. NICHOLS, EDMONTON.

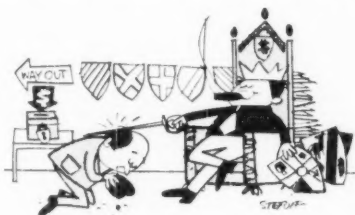
What Community Concerts can do

McKenzie Porter describes the visit of the concert representative to each community (What the Music Monopoly does to—and Sometimes for—Young Canadians) as though he were reporting a disaster or a shady deal. This is not the case, surely, either for the artist or for the community, unless one believes that there should be no artists and no audiences. The artists themselves tell with pleasure of visits to communities which never before had enjoyed professional music, and the citizens of the community who gave freely of their time to organize and maintain a concert series must obtain some satisfaction in serving the cause of music. Why else would they bother? It is an advantage to have an out-of-town representative who is paid to listen to all the local grievances and who is used to having all the year's disasters piled on his head. Often it is the representative who will suggest that the series include some unknown he thinks has a chance of great success. Perhaps our Community Concert board is more independent than some, but I have never known a representative who would presume to arrange our series for us. Whatever else one might change in the or-

ganized audience movement one should not exclude the concert agent. He is irreplaceable.—MRS. JAMES RICHARDSON, LOS ALAMOS, NEW MEXICO.

Arms and the Irishmen

To anyone who knows anything about the subject of heraldry the story of the two young Irishmen (Preview, July 15) who "found coats of arms for 1,600 names" in eight months and made \$22,000 out of it, is pure eyewash. I know from experience in this work that this would be utterly impossible to do in such a short period of time, with any degree of seriousness and accuracy. It is not generally known in Canada that arms and heraldry are still



the prerogative of the Queen of Canada, and that this functions through certain high officers of the Royal Household (not the British Government) who are appointed by royal warrant to act on behalf of our Sovereign in these matters. The only authoritative source for Canadians to apply to for authentic and lawful arms, or information about them, is Her Majesty's College of Arms in London, England, where all official and correct Canadian heraldry is registered, and on record.—ALAN B. BIDDOL, CYRVILLE, ONT.

The real Knudson

The piece on George Knudson (Entertainment, July 29) includes some errors of fact that weren't in my original story. I did not, for one thing, write that Knudson is 25; I wrote that he turned 24 on June 28. Nor did I say his face turns white with anger when he misses a shot; I said his face slowly flushes. I did not say, either, that he'd won the Manitoba Junior championship four years in a row. I said he had set records for his age-group in that tournament four years in a row. He won the Manitoba junior championship twice—when he was 17 and when he was 18. When he was 15, his 73 set a record for 15-year-olds. Finally, I did not say that when he won the Canadian junior championship with a 69, he was seven strokes under the junior record. I said that his rounds of 71 and 69 (for 140) were seven under the record for 36 holes.—TREV FRAYNE, ISLINGTON, ONT.

Are institutions the only answer?

In answer to the unsigned letter (Mailbag, July 1) regarding Sonya Bixel's article, I can't help but feel that this writer and many other Canadians think the only answer to a parents' problem of a retarded child is the institution. As a father of a mongoloid child of six years I can say that for all the wealth in the world, I would never part with our little blonde girl. She has been attending one of our very wonderful day schools in British Columbia. She is extremely human, has deep feelings and is doing well in her school. — L. TANSEM, DAWSON CREEK, B.C. ★

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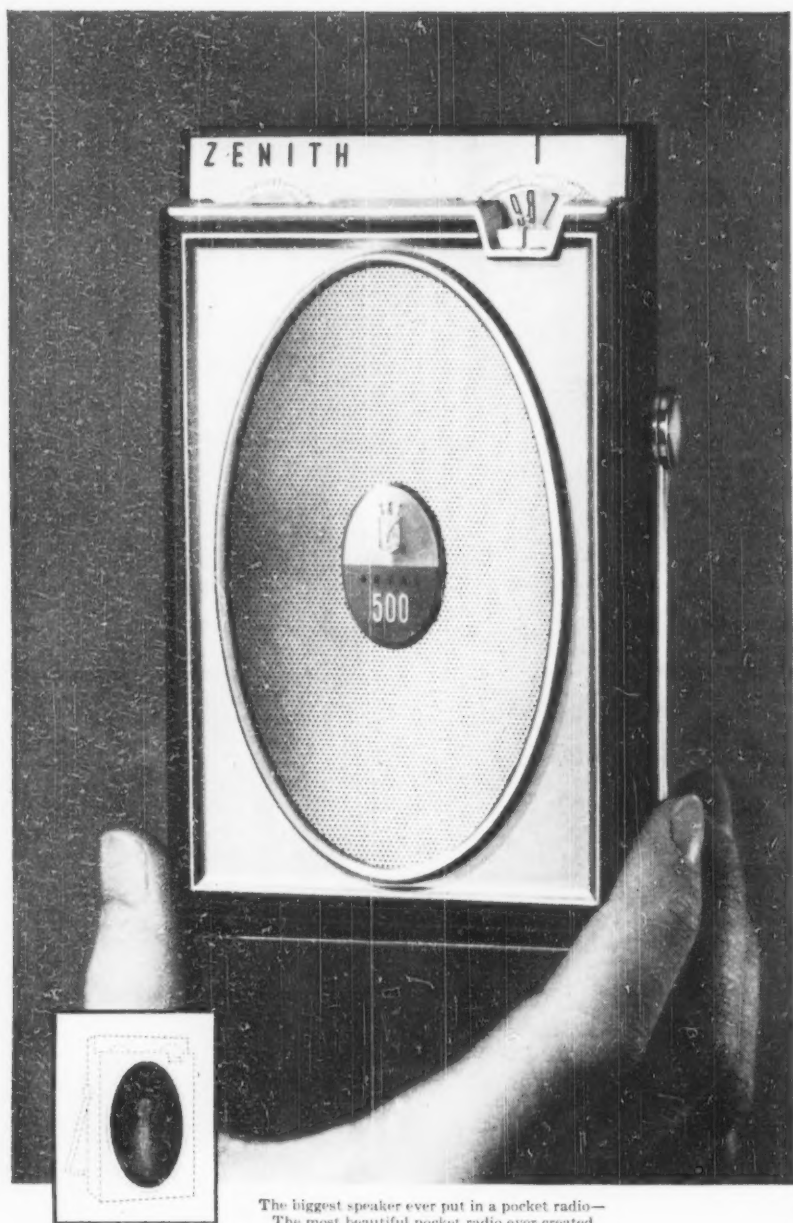
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Eileen Morris is a Toronto housewife and free-lance writer.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

EILEEN MORRIS SAYS

Let's stop wasting our five-year-olds' minds

IT'S TIME we showed more respect for our four to six-year-olds and gave them some red meat in their educational diet, instead of the Pablum-like play they've lived on for years. The early years of school in this country are a slow-motion entrance into an education that insults a child's burgeoning brain power.

When our five-year-old entered kindergarten last September he was as eager as a pup on a bone hunt. At the end of October I asked what he had done in school that morning. Giving me a level look, he answered despairingly: "It was pumpkins again, Mummy."

Our moppets enter kindergarten and listen to stories and learn happy songs. They cut with little blunt scissors, paste, finger-paint. And they are bored. If they have had a year of nursery school, they are ready to climb the kindergarten's art-covered walls.

What they learn is of 1837 vintage, the year the kindergarten was invented by Friedrich Froebel, a teacher in Blankenburg, Germany. Froebel felt that the years from four to six were of strategic importance, and that the work of these years should receive careful attention. Testing his theories on children from an orphanage, he developed new ways of educating youngsters with games, songs, marches and handwork.

But the modern child who can answer a telephone, tune in radio, TV or hi-fi, and handle dozens of household gadgets, is light-years removed from his 1837 counterpart. Our five-year-old learned to count backward before he started kindergarten. "Count-down — ten, nine, eight, seven, six . . ." he intoned. "Blast off!" By the time a child reaches four or five he, his pals, and his parents have put in hours of story-reading, block-building and ball-tossing. Yet kindergarten is still described as a stepping stone, a preparation for first grade. Why does it take a whole year to schoolbreak a child eager to move from play to work?

Teaching by squiggles

About February the kindergarten pupil finally gets a job to do. Reading readiness tests are presented in the guise of games. Is he supposed to memorize these squiggles and shapes? Is this play? After months of plasticine and straw-stringing, the child is confused.

The tests our son brings home are aimed depressingly low. He was asked to link various objects on one picture page — coins with a handbag, spoon with a bowl, socks with shoes. Even more depressing was another page on which he circled flags. All three flags displayed were the Stars and Stripes.

The conviction that our children

must be led at a snail's pace apparently continues beyond kindergarten. In a series of pre-primers used widely in Ontario there are just 17 words in the first volume, 21 new ones in the second and 20 new ones in the third. The first reader for grade two has only 569 words.

In England a child starts school at the beginning of the term in which he reaches five years of age. He begins to learn to read, print and do simple figure work. This quick, enthusiastic pace continues until, by the time he is eleven, he is being taught geometry and algebra. French and one other language.

Shift the mind's log jam

This serious start seems to have lifelong benefits. In a 1956 poll conducted by the Institute of Public Opinion, 31 percent of Canadian adults were reading books, compared with 55 percent in England.

If the cut-and-paste and "look-look" years could become years of discovery and exploration, a child would learn how to read, write, speak, calculate and listen earlier. He would move through high school a year or two earlier than at present, and feel more inclined to concentrate on his studies than on his dating schedule. At present, the last year of high school is a concentrated, fact-crammed footnote to years of schoolwork. Let the log jam be shifted downstream.

Some authorities are recommending that the years from four to ten form the period when our children should be studying foreign languages. Dr. Daniel P. Girard, a foreign language specialist at Columbia Teachers College, says that a very young child can acquire the sound structure of several languages with gleeful ease. "Teaching should start at nursery school," he says.

Dr. Wilder Penfield, until a few months ago Director of the Montreal Neurological Institute, and probably the world's leading authority on the physiology of the brain, advocates that young children listen to speech in other languages in conversation and in stories, because "three languages are just as easy to learn then as one."

Our junior-size scholars need good teachers who are convinced that the most important part of education is its beginning. Our children need teachers and administrators who view theories of "learning readiness" as a brake on the natural curiosity and interest of children, and an easy way home for teachers. And our children need a new and mind-stretching curriculum which will give them faster acceleration into the fascinating world of learning. Let's start with kindergarten. Let's give our bored five-year-olds something to think about. ★

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BERLIN

The crisis that propaganda built

EDITORIAL: Canadians don't normally think of themselves as subject to propaganda. That happens to the Russians and the Chinese, the Arabs under Nasser or the Germans under Hitler, not to citizens of a democracy served by a free press. Yet the fact is that we are, right now, targets of a propaganda campaign for which it's hard to find a precedent in peacetime. Its object is to make us believe in a crisis over Berlin.

For weeks the reports of U. S. news services have been alerting us to the imminence of a showdown. The western powers are said to be warning Khrushchov to "keep hands off West Berlin." In the face of "threats" by Khrushchov the West is "standing firm," set to "defend" West Berlin with nuclear weapons if need be.

And what exactly is it that Khrushchov is threatening to do in Berlin?

He is threatening to go away. That is the menace that has dismayed the Germans and confused the whole western alliance — not a Soviet attack, but a Soviet withdrawal. In the tug of war across the border of a divided Germany, Khrushchov is trying the tactic of letting go the rope. The other team, he hopes, will then fall flat on its back.

It looks as if he might be right, too. A Soviet withdrawal from Berlin would leave no apparent authority in East Germany, no official body with which to deal, except the East German Communist puppets whom the West Germans do not recognize. The West German reluctance is easy to understand—recognizing an East German government means recognizing the division of Germany.

A reunited Germany is the dearest goal of German foreign policy. Because the Germans are now allies, it is also an object of western foreign policy—but our

reason for wanting it is not the German reason. For them it's a matter of national honor, a hope that no German patriot can let die. For us it is a means of safeguarding peace. We have been persuaded by our experience, though the Russians have not, that a divided and unreconciled Germany is more dangerous to peace than a united one.

But that, for us, is all. Germany's national honor is no concern of ours, and German unification only a minor one. To suggest that we ought to fight to save Germany from a fate that we ourselves helped to impose, at the end of another war that Germany started and lost, is simply preposterous. Coming from an American, it shows a gullibility that shakes an ally's faith in American leadership. Coming from a German it is sheer, staggering effrontery.

We are pledged to fight if West Berlin is *attacked*—all the NATO partners are sworn to treat an attack upon one as an attack on all, and West Berlin is part of that alliance. But we are not pledged to fight for any other interest of German foreign policy, and specifically not to protect West Germany from the necessity of taking some unpalatable steps.

Some such steps are inevitable. It has been obvious for years that as soon as Khrushchov felt he could trust the East German Communist puppets to maintain their hold on the country, he would draw back and leave the West no alternative but to recognize them. He has now been proclaiming, for about three years, his intention of doing so immediately. At last, apparently, he means it.

There is nothing the West can do to prevent this. It's not what we want, but it's what we've got. To call it a pretext for nuclear war is madness.—BLAIR FRASER

Overleaf: Maclean's editors report from Berlin and the U. S. on pressures that are making the propaganda crisis a real one

BERLIN

WHAT IF THE RUSSIANS MAKE GOOD THEIR THREAT TO RETREAT?

BY LESLIE F. HANNON

Maclean's overseas editor

Berlin —

ON BOTH SIDES of the Brandenburg Gate, the historic arch that for sixteen years has symbolized the division of the German capital, the feeling is unmistakable. Sometime in the early winter the lid is going to blow off. This time Nikita Khrushchov really means it. After nearly three years of off-and-on pressure he is going to try to force the West to recognize the East German Communist state as a sovereign nation, and at the same time set about neutralizing West Berlin, that irritating "bone in the throat" of the Communist empire. With a diplomatic technique that is either brilliant or criminal, depending on the viewer, he hopes to achieve his ends by threatening not war but peace.

Come what may, he says, Russia at last will be signing a peace treaty with Walter Ulbricht's East German regime and turning over to it the control of the land and air routes that are the lifelines of West Berlin.

Every scrap of evidence, every straw in the wind from NATO that indicates any possibility of a waver in Western ranks on the German question is seized upon and magnified. One night last month in East Berlin's Friedrichstrasse I watched the neon ticker tape that flickers across the overhead railway bridge announce that Prime Minister John Diefenbaker advocated negotiating on West Berlin. The message didn't say Diefenbaker had also insisted that any negotiations must not sacrifice the freedom of the people of West Berlin or interfere with Allied rights in the city.

If the Berliners are right in expecting the long stalemate to break this year (and their fears and expectations are matched to varying degrees in Bonn, Paris and London) what exactly is likely to happen? Will the Russian peace offensive change the balance in the cold war? What is the chance of the cold war turning hot? Last month I asked these questions all over the two Berlins and in the three European capitals most closely involved. An apparently sincere young woman in an East German government department (she looked like any Toronto typist) asked me in the nicest way if I really supported a philosophy that aimed at dropping an atomic rocket on her child's kindergarten. In the foreign ministry on the Luisenstrasse I spent 2½ hours with Siegfried Bock, a member of the executive board of the ministry and also head of its legal department. His deputy Rudi Amberg and a ministry inter-

preter made up the group. Bock is Italianate in looks, slight of build, with a warm and even humorous personality. He is the antithesis of the Communist ranters. Cigarettes, Turkish blend, were on the table with a pot of coffee and cookies, but only I smoked. Bock answered with a direct "ja" when I asked if the German Democratic Republic was sincerely afraid of direct military attack from the German Federal Republic.

"Civil war?" I emphasized.

Bock shrugged. "It would not be the will of the ordinary West German citizen, but they would have no choice but to obey the Hitler generals who are in charge of the Adenauer army, and these generals would never be satisfied until they had revenged the defeat of the second world war."

I then asked if the GDR believed the NATO partners of West Germany, specifically including Canada, would allow such an attack to take place. Bock looked at me steadily while Amberg reddened at the question. "No," said Bock finally and quietly, "we don't think Canadians want war, nor the American people either. But the militarists in West Germany would move so fast" — he made a cutting motion — "that nobody could stop them."

After a moment he added: "The West Germans ask and ask for nuclear weapons — why? Do they plan to attack France? Do they plan to fight Denmark? They have an army of 250,000 men; we have 30,000. Who is for war and who is for peace?"

Because the legal existence of the GDR is denied by western governments, these men cannot cross swords with their opposite numbers in the ordinary diplomatic way. It was necessary several times to remind them that I was a magazine correspondent, not an official representative of any kind.

A TOPSY-TURVY POLITICAL DREAM

It's obvious that the West can do nothing to prevent the Russians and the GDR from concluding a separate treaty, if Khrushchov does finally decide to make that move. What do the Communists in East Germany expect would happen next? Would they, for instance, stop a U. S. supply convoy by force, if the Americans refused to deal with them at the border? Would the Russians really withdraw back into Poland, or even further, the thirty to forty divisions they are said to be maintaining in the Eastern Zone? I put these questions to Siegfried Bock. His answer after reflection was itself a ques-

tion. "Why should the GDR refuse the support of her allies?"

Finally I asked the foreign ministry officials what was the GDR's ultimate aim. Did they think it conceivable that the present East and West German governments could merge in some kind of confederation? Yes, they said; with the aim of creating a neutral unified Germany, the GDR would be willing eventually to dissolve its own sovereignty into such a confederation. Nothing I heard or saw in the two Berlins was more topsy-turvy than this — the notion that Adenauer and Ulbricht could be envisaged working hand in hand under any circumstances.

"WHY TALK OF WAR? IT WON'T HAPPEN."

I roamed East Berlin trying to get into conversation with all kinds of people. No effort was made by the authorities to nudge me into a guided tour. I went on foot, by taxi, by the underground and elevated trains. I tried to steer clear of people who looked as if they might be government servants. I didn't see the platoons of cops that other correspondents often report. The street crowds were adequately if not fashionably dressed, like the crowds on Toronto's Spadina Avenue or Montreal's St. Lawrence Main. I was surprised that people would talk as freely as they did, for I was never once asked to identify myself by document.

In a small beer hall, where I lunched on a mysterious ragout and a tepid uninspired beer, I fell into conversation (in a dogged mixture of English and French) with a hefty young man who spotted me for a foreigner and cheerfully asked me what I wanted to know. I asked him if he would fight against West Germany or anyone else if the western powers tried to force their way through to West Berlin.

He laughed, and said that was crazy — the Russians wouldn't like it at all. Nobody was going to risk a big war. He insisted on buying me a beer.

But would he, personally, fight if it did come to that, I insisted. Then he told me he was a sergeant in the East German army on leave.

"Why talk of war?" he said. "It won't happen." So I asked him why the beer was so lousy; I had thought Germans made the best beer in the world. He agreed about the beer, and blamed the current heat wave (it was ninety outside) for a shortage of good brands. Smacking his massive stomach, he said that Germans were interested in only two things, and beer was cheaper. CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

ROLL CALL OF THE FAST-GROWING, WAR-MINDED AMERICAN RIGHT

BY IAN SCLANDERS

Maclean's Washington editor

Washington —

LESS THAN A YEAR after electing a cautiously liberal president, the U. S. A. is showing many signs of a sharp swing toward the far political right — sharp enough, for one thing, to turn Barry Goldwater, the Arizona senator often described by his critics as "the man who is trying to repeal the twentieth century," from a handsome but rather absurd anachronism into a serious prospect for the White House in 1964.

American political swings are Americans' own business, of course, but one thing in particular makes the current trend a matter of concern to the rest of the world. The right-wingers are insisting (and it seems to be one of their most popular demands) that the position of the United States on Berlin must be absolutely inflexible, that it must not yield an inch, nor a fraction of an inch, however great the danger of "standing firm," and that the ground on which to stand firm is the precise situation that now exists, a situation that even President Eisenhower conceded to be "abnormal." They assert angrily that the U. S. has already retreated too far and too often, that the time is here for a final showdown with the Soviet Union, and that the U. S. must be willing to risk nuclear war.

The American swing to the right has also:

Added untold thousands of names to the membership list of the John Birch Society, which says it is fighting American Communists by using their own tactics, and to the rosters of similar if less-publicized outfits.

Swamped congressmen with letters indignantly demanding the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren of the U. S. Supreme Court as a Communist dupe, the immediate withdrawal of the United States from the United Nations, and a full-scale invasion of Cuba by U. S. forces.

Encouraged military officers with ultra-conservative views to subject the men they command to extremist propaganda.

Induced the House of Representatives to approve a new budget for the controversial house committee on un-American activities by a vote of 412-6. A lot of the 412 "ayes" say in private that the committee should be abolished but that, with the tide of opinion flowing to the right, they'd antagonize their constituents by condemning it in public.

Created a vast audience for two documentary-type movies produced by anti-Communist campaigners and calculated to emphasize the

Communist threat to the United States today.

Increased both the number and the circulation of right-wing publications.

Brought conservatism into sudden popularity on traditionally liberal university campuses.

LIBERALS FEAR FATAL MISCALCULATION

With a crisis developing over Berlin, the question is whether mounting pressure from the far right will make it virtually impossible for the Kennedy administration to negotiate with the Soviet Union or East Germany. President Kennedy himself seems to agree completely that the U. S. must be adamant on the Berlin issue. He couldn't disagree, of course, without weakening his hand. Yet among diplomats at Washington there's an awareness that a peaceful settlement of Berlin is hardly likely unless there are face-saving gestures of give and take. They're wondering whether, if a reasonable solution can be devised, the U. S. will bend just slightly. And, knowing that if the wishes of the right-wingers prevail there will be no bending at all, they're wondering how much influence the right can now exert.

To date, the impact of the right-wingers on American foreign policy has been spotty. They've vehemently attacked U. S. foreign aid — but Congress still allocates huge sums for foreign aid. They've condemned the United Nations as an instrument of Communism — but the U. S. is still in the UN. They've blasted U. S. participation in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization — but the U. S. is still in NATO. They've shrilly protested U. S. recognition of Russia and Russia's satellites — but the U. S. still recognizes them.

On the other hand the right-wingers have succeeded in keeping U. S. support solidly behind the Chinese Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek and have prevented the recognition of the Communist government of mainland China.

They may or may not have been responsible for the fact that the U. S. financed, armed, trained and transported the Cuban refugees who attempted with such tragic consequences to recapture their country from Castro. There are veteran observers in Washington who maintain that it was the unceasing pressure of the right, first on the Eisenhower administration, then on the Kennedy administration, that launched what has since become known as the "Cuban fiasco."

Those who believe this are apprehensive.

They feel that the same sort of pressure that led to rashness and lack of judgment in Cuba could lead to fatal miscalculations in the handling of the Berlin issue. They know, of course, that many and probably most Americans are temperate, liberal and rationally sceptical men, as unlikely to be swept away by demagoguery as any other free citizens. But they feel uneasy when confronted by examples like that of Col. Bluford H. J. Balter, a Middle Westerner whose remedy for world tensions is this:

"Bomb Russia! Why did our Heavenly Father give us the atomic bomb? To use it judiciously to destroy Communism. Bomb Stalingrad and Moscow! The good Russian people will then be free."

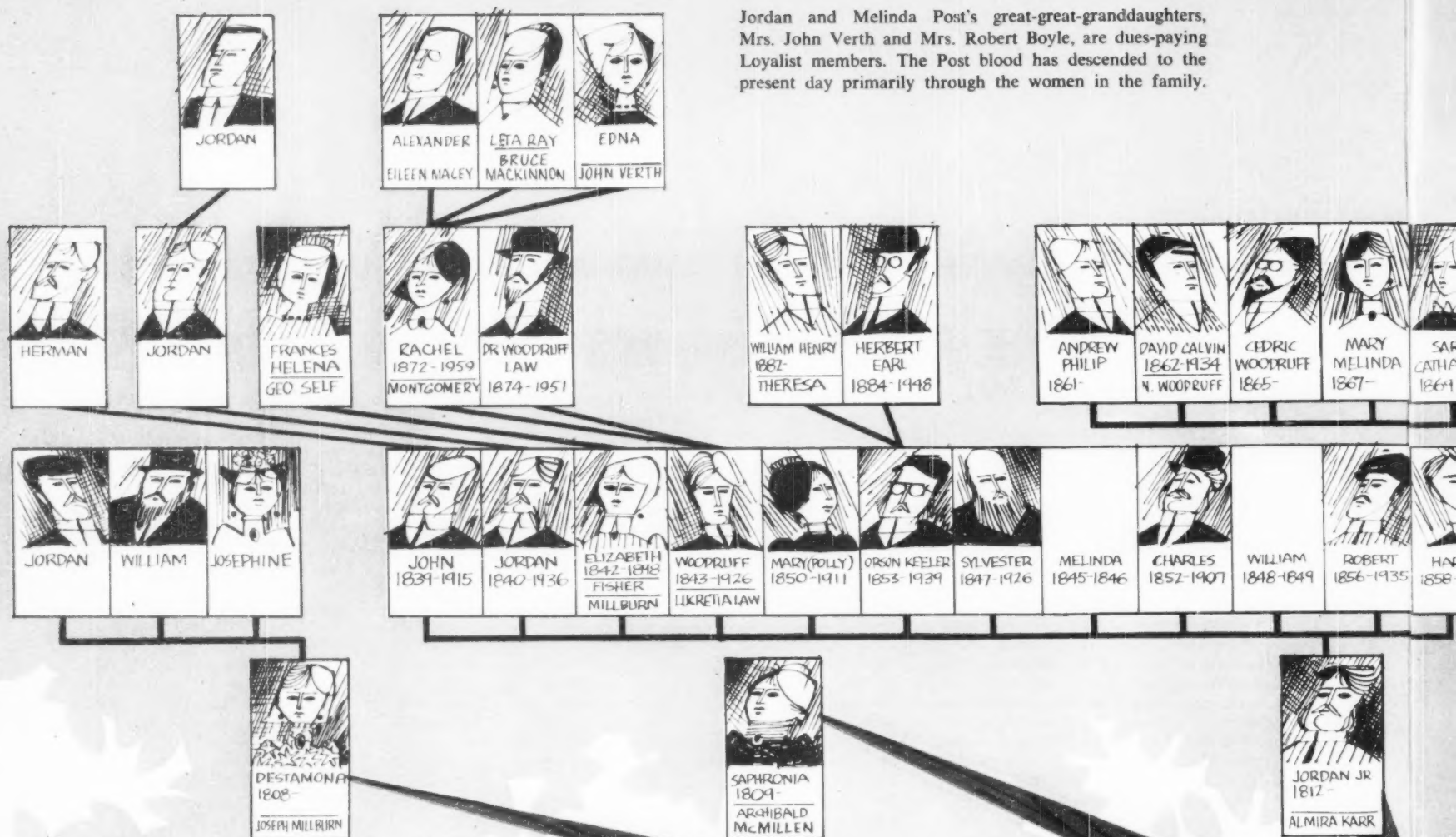
As a U. S. senator, board chairman of the chief department store in Arizona's capital city of Phoenix, author of the best-selling book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, designer of "antsy pants" — men's underpants embellished with a pattern of red ants — and the intellectual leader of the ultra-conservatives, Barry Goldwater expresses his views more temperately than the fiery Col. Balter. But, according to his detractors, Goldwater too belongs to the "let's-all-commit-suicide school of thinking." He preaches that there will have to be a "victory over Communism" if there is to be a "tolerable peace," and that the U. S. "must not make the avoidance of a shooting war" its prime objective. Such talk infuriates the substantial section of the U. S. population that sees nuclear war as the ultimate disaster.

NO TRUCK OR TRADE WITH COMMUNISTS

Yet the rise in Goldwater's stock as a presidential possibility has not been unrelated to the acceptance, by more and more Americans, of his thesis that Communism must be stopped, and stopped now, and that concessions to Khrushchov's Russia and the China of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai will do no more to preserve peace than the concessions to Hitler's Germany did in the 1930s.

Goldwater has consistently urged the resumption of nuclear tests by the U. S. The Gallup Poll reports that 77 percent of all Americans were against resuming the tests when polled late in 1959 but that 55 percent were for it when polled in July. Goldwater's enthusiasts exult that this is indicative of how people are falling in line with him.

There are other indications — cryptic automobile bumper stickers that picture gold coins floating incredibly on — CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



Jordan and Melinda Post's great-great-granddaughters, Mrs. John Verth and Mrs. Robert Boyle, are dues-paying Loyalist members. The Post blood has descended to the present day primarily through the women in the family.

Long live the Queen! Long live the Loyalists!

The family tree of the original 60,000 United Empire Loyalists has sprouted several million descendants. Eight hundred of them are dues-paying members of an association that stands ready, as always, to: rally round the Queen, defy upstarts out to obliterate historic landmarks, and turn out without fail for the annual picnic

BY JANE BECKER

EARLY THIS YEAR a thirty-eight-year-old west coast contractor called Norman Baker announced that he intended to run for the federal parliament as a United Empire Loyalist.

"It's absolutely necessary for Canada to rejoin the British Commonwealth and put all Yankee influence out of the country," Baker told reporters, explaining his unusual political affiliation. He added that he considered Canada's part in such co-operative ventures with the U.S. as the North American defense alliance and the St. Lawrence and Columbia River power projects, as well as a Canadian tariff against British woolens. "Quisling acts" of the present Conservative regime.

Baker later withdrew his nomination, pos-

sibly because the electorate seemed to receive his platform too calmly, but his declaration has reminded a good many Canadians that United Empire Loyalist descendants, and the principles they stand for, are still very much around. Somehow the Loyalists have managed to survive generations of somewhat dull references to themselves in schoolbooks, while many more flamboyant coteries have perished.

Today genealogists estimate that as many as four million Canadians may have Loyalist blood in their veins, although few of them realize it. Only about eight hundred are active, fee-paying members of the United Empire Loyalists' Association. Yet ardent Loyalists are certain their outlook on their country's position is shared by most of their countrymen.

"After all, history shows the true Canadian

was a Loyalist," maintains V. Maclean Howard, a 68-year-old Toronto lawyer whose grandfather helped organize the UEL Association. "We believe that basically Canadians still feel the same loyalty and respect for British traditions as did their ancestors. But they don't protest enough when they see upstart groups trying to throw away all our British connections. If we let these people have their way we'll soon lose all trace of our heritage. Then it will be too late to get it back."

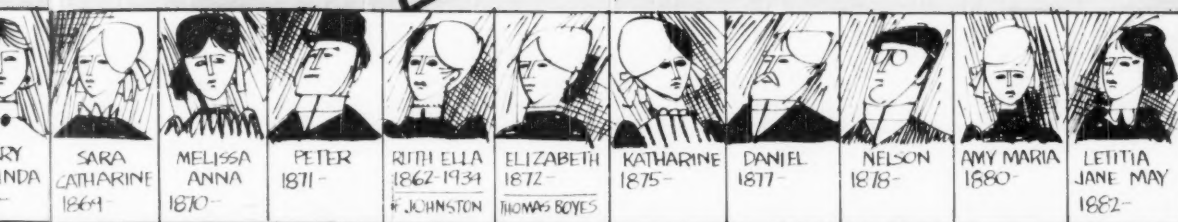
Such a situation, in the Loyalist view, would be tragic.

"Canada has the purest democracy in the world," says Howard. "It would be a shame to have it take on some of the less admirable characteristics of the American or some other government."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



Another great-great-granddaughter of Jordan Post, Mrs. Ross Glassford is the genealogist for the Toronto branch of the Loyalists. She says, "I still flinch from having to tell people they can't join. But we must have our standards."



The legacy of a loyal clockmaker

THE CANADIANS whose bloodlines reach back to tough, prolific Jordan Post and his bride of 1807, Melinda Woodruff, hold an unimpeachable claim to Loyalist membership. Jordan, a clockmaker, and Melinda led full and strenuous lives in British North America.

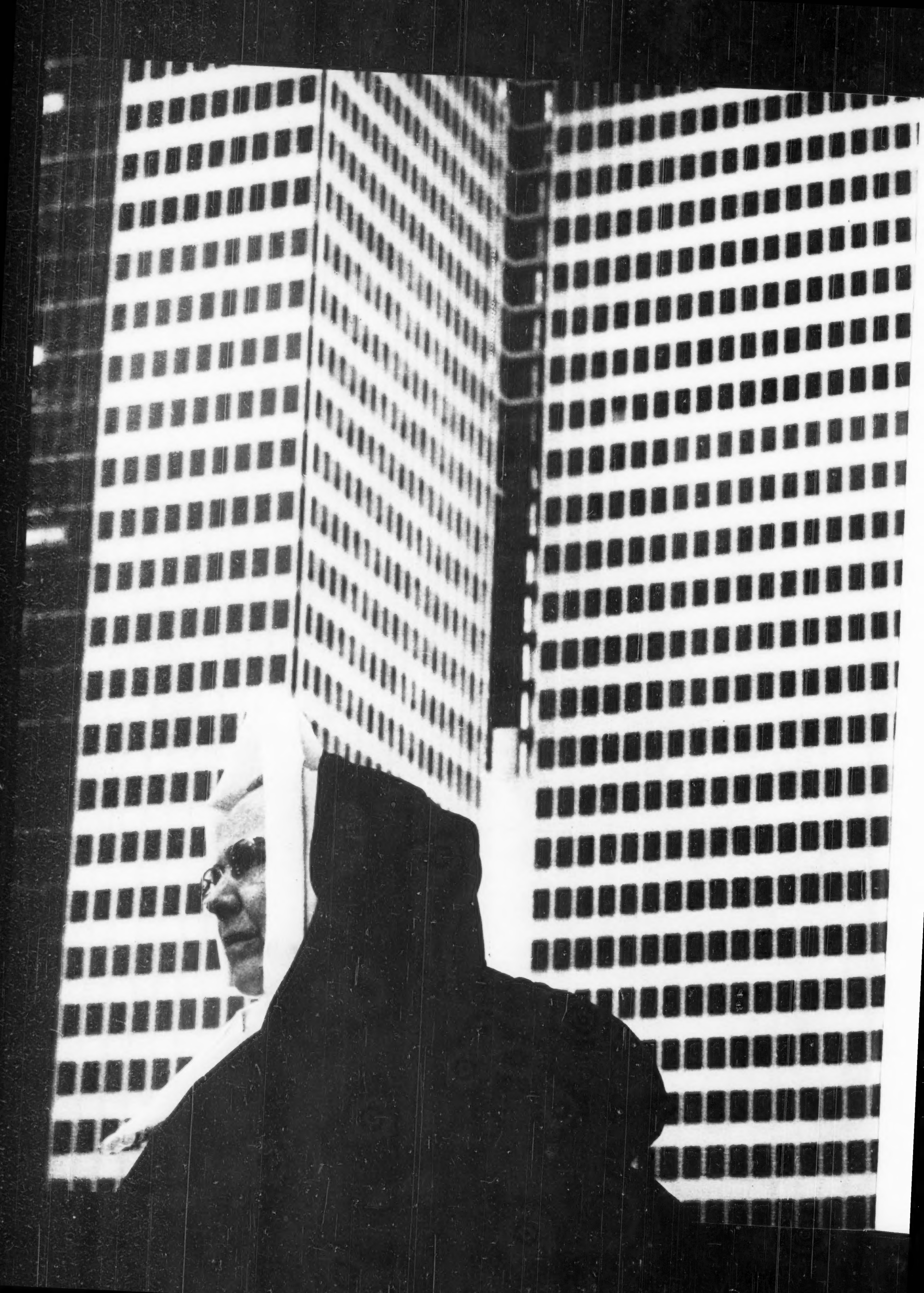
Most of the major limbs of the rugged Post-Woodruff tree have been traced by Mrs. Ross Glassford, a Post descendant herself and genealogist of the Toronto branch of the United Empire Loyalists. But some Posts have disappeared and others don't care to claim their Loyalist heritage. The seeds of the tree have floated about the province and even back to the land of revolt to the south. The symbolic tree here doesn't pretend to record all the descendants of Jordan the Clockmaker. There were a great many.

Jordan lived to see some of Jordan, Jr.'s dozen children. He saw another of his six children, Melinda, when she died at the age of 28 after giving birth to her sixth child — Amy, the mother of 14 more.

Jordan himself, born a century before Cana-

dian Confederation, was one of many Posts who came north from Connecticut in 1782, eleven years before regular settlement began in the Toronto wilderness. Perhaps it was New England thrift, perhaps Loyalist caution, but, according to a tale preserved by Mrs. Glassford, Jordan kept his copper coins in kegs in his basement. Once, when fined by the local court, he stormed home, returned with the kegs, and dumped all his pennies on the desk of a moaning court clerk.

A lean, sober man with glasses and severely formal clothes, he may have been a Quaker. His descendants say he owned all the frontage on King Street West between York and Bay Streets and south to the lakefront and the street he named after his bride. In his early sixties, Toronto's first clockmaker decided the jewelry business was too tame. He bought 500 acres in nearby Scarborough, became a pioneer lumberman, and floated his logs down Highland Creek to the lake. Later still, he ran a general store near his lumbering land. He was still running it when he died in 1845 at 78.



ONE CANADA: the real promise of Quebec's revolution

The explosion of French-Canadian nationalism in this decade can and will create — not destroy — the bilingual nation we have only pretended to until now. An arresting statement on the prospects of Canadianism by a distinguished novelist

BY HUGH MacLENNAN

LAST MAY IN TORONTO, speaking to an acquaintance on the subject of the article I am now about to write — the state of mind of modern Quebec — I was frustrated to hear him say: "But of course, you've always been pro-French."

In any context which makes sense, this statement seemed to me unfortunate. My command of the French language still shames me. I have never sympathized with the self-pity of the old-style French-Canadian nationalism any more than with the arrogant narrowness of the old-style Orange Lodge. I have simply liked and admired most of my French-speaking compatriots and have believed, rightly or wrongly, that I understood how they felt. After all, I too come from a defeated minority race. But mostly I have admired the tenacity with which they have clung to the basic notion of the Canadian state, namely that if Canada is anything it is the home of two cultures which cannot identify for the simple reason that they don't speak the same language.

But old attitudes, like old soldiers, never really die; they hang on in the subconscious long after we have believed we have discarded them. The friend who called me pro-French was himself not anti-French. He had merely retained the old idea, prevalent all over Canada for so many years, that the French Fact and the British Fact were in competition, with the purpose that in time one would dominate the other. That the extreme French-Canadian nationalists still think along these lines is beside the point. One stupidity does not make another stupidity right.

Now it is especially stupid for any English-speaking Canadian even to think of the British Fact as being real, in the sense that it was real to the original United Empire Loyalists who came up here determined that they'd never let the old flag fall. That original British Fact was never cultural; in the cultural sense, the Americans who shattered its base were as thoroughly English as the generals in the British army they defeated. The British Fact in America in 1800 was a political fact pure and simple; more than that, it was colonial in spirit. Inevitably, therefore, it came into conflict with the French Fact in Quebec, and to such an extent that Lord Durham complained that in Canada he had found two nations warring within the bosom of a single state.

This old U. E. Loyalist attitude is self-evidently dead today, and the sole thing that could revive it would be evidence that the French Canadians seek to dominate the entire nation and run it on their own terms. Not long ago this was a dream of those French-Canadian nationalists who disliked the English and talked

of "By the revenge of the cradles." But this has no more validity in modern Canadian politics than the Orange society of Toronto. Not only does modern Quebec reject this aim as unworthy and negative; the birth rate has finally condemned it. Since the war the percentage of French-speaking Canadians has been dropping steadily, and with prosperity it will drop further still.

But the survival and preservation of the French Fact in America—that is as alive as it ever was and much more positive and optimistic. Moreover it has immense bearing on the very problem which has been worrying English Canada—the preservation of the Canadian Identity from American pressures.

That is why I believe that the ferment in contemporary Quebec, or "the silent revolution" as it is often called, is the most important development to occur in Canada in many a year. French Canada, though the English-speaking provinces seem unaware of this, has entered a climacteric which is causing her to search her inmost soul, and at last she is translating some of her aspirations into positive, realistic action. Quite possibly Quebec holds the key to the salvation of the Canadian Identity about which the rest of us are concerned. That is one more reason why it has never been more important for English Canada to understand the mind of Quebec than it is now.

A NEUROTICALLY CREATIVE NEW MAN

English-Canadians know, of course, that Jean Baptiste has gone to town in more ways than one. They know that the basis of Quebec's economy has shifted from the farms and forests to the cities. They know about the crime in modern Montreal, and even that the crime is to some extent the product of this social change. But in my experience — and I have done a great deal of coast-to-coast traveling in the past two years — not many of them know how this economic revolution has affected the French-Canadian character.

The young French-Canadian of today is a new kind of man in this country. His tradition may be old, and he may love it; his loyalties may be conservative. But he is not at home with them as his grandfather or even his father was. He is torn; his tradition no longer satisfies him, and many of his deepest loyalties frustrate him. He is neurotic—but let us never forget that neurosis is also creative. His mind is whipped by hundreds of new ideas. He has traveled as French Canadians in the past almost never did. Often he has visited Europe and studied there, recovered a sense of his ancient roots in the motherland, visited Rome and the old Latin countries. He has returned not only with an enlarged horizon and with political ideas beside

Two nuns and the radical lines of a new skyscraper in downtown Montreal symbolize the internal conflict that torments today's young French-Canadian. He calls himself both anticlerical and a good Catholic. To him, the Church is still a father — but a demanding, old-fashioned, irritating father.

The blend that makes a young French-Canadian different from an older one or from other Canadians: above, Elvis and somebody named Jean-Claude jockey for space on a bobby-soxer's hat; below, a sculptor wrestles with an art-form that may belong more to the future than the present.



Trent Frayne's book on **BOOKIES:**

HOW TO



THIS IS A fashion note, of sorts, on crime. In their own day and in their own way bootleggers have been well thought of and eagerly sought out by a more or less wide public, but even they hardly compared in social standing, power, or cash turnover to the friendly bookmaker of the 1960s. Experts as authoritative, for different reasons, as the chief of Toronto's police, James Mackey, and the dean of Toronto's racing writers, Joe Perlove, are able today to assure any amateur gambler in this country that he can find within easy distance a professional gambler to take his money. "There isn't a city, not a small town in this country that doesn't have bookies," Mackey said recently. "Cigar stores, shoe-shine joints, hotels, or guys just sitting at home by the telephone."

Neither Mackey, Perlove, nor anybody else can say with certainty why an amateur gambler can always find a bookie although a policeman, presumably, can turn the same trick only with difficulty. The best estimate of the number of bookies and bookies' runners in Canada is 18,000, while the number charged before the courts in a year is less than a thousand. Bookmaking is a crime in Canada, to be sure, but not even the courts seem

inclined to treat bookmakers as criminals. An eastern judge, speaking privately, says that the regularity with which bookmakers appear in the courts, pay fines of a few hundred dollars, and depart to take up their books where they left off, is one of the most striking absurdities in Canadian justice. The less tolerant finance department does require bookies to pay income taxes on their net gains, but this information is confidential. Nobody can give, publicly, the answer to the most elementary question about Canadian bookies: how much money passes through their hands in a year.

Possibly because Americans love bookies less than we do, they want to know more about them. By law they require gamblers to register with the federal government and pay a yearly fee to the treasury department. In recent years several hard probes of organized crime have been undertaken in the U.S., all of them tending toward the conclusion a Brooklyn grand jury reached in 1959: "Gambling is the very heartbeat of organized crime Actually, if you scratch the professional operator of gambling ventures you find the narcotics peddler, the loan shark, the dice-game operator, the white slaver

and the murderer." These investigations have established a fair estimate of the gamblers' share of the American income: "The underworld gets about \$9 billion of the estimated \$47 billion spent annually on illegal gambling," a special group on organized crime set up by the justice department reported about a year ago. The group went on to say that "fully half of the syndicates' income from gambling is earmarked for protection money paid to police and politicians."

At about the time, this spring, when the newspapers of Ontario and the province's attorney general were debating the existence of organized crime in Canada (the newspapers were resolved that it exists; the attorney general that it doesn't), a New York State crime committee published evidence that Buffalo and Toronto were both "drop points" on the northeastern bookmakers' wire service for racing results. Still, since nobody knows much about bookmaking in Canada, there may be no harm in having a few drop points here and there around the country, and there may be no resemblance between the scale of bookmaking in the U.S. and its scale here.

To take a few cases in point, the bookmaker in the branch office of an insurance company in downtown Toronto not far from RCMP headquarters is a well-made, blond girl in her middle twenties. She is the kind of friendly community servant that all bookies would like to be classed with, and usually are: she simply takes bets for men in the office who can't wait to get out to the race track, and pays them the track price next day if they've won. On a recent Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday she booked \$58, \$36, and \$42, respectively. Her book for the three days covered \$136, of which \$14 went back to two-dollar betters who won, and \$122 went into her bank account.

As dumb blondes go, this girl is another Texas Guinan, but as a bookmaker she's little better than a gifted amateur. Her next step, if she adopts the classic road to the top in her adopted profession, is to acquire a cigar store, a lunch counter or a dry-cleaning shop as a screen for her trade; a "sheet-writer" to record bets that come in by telephone; and, if she prospers, a contract with an American firm that wires the results of races at all the tracks on the continent as soon as they are run off. She might even sell cigars, although most bookies have little regard for their putative occupations. "I know a guy," says racing writer Joe Perlove, "who has this dry-cleaning business if you brought in a suit

W TO WIN MONEY EVEN WHEN YOU LOSE



he'd smack you square in the head."

In time a gifted bookie can graduate from his storefront entirely, to run his business sensibly under a club charter from the provincial government. These charters, though, countenance members gambling with each other on the premises but they don't stretch to telephoned bets from a wide public, as Toronto police pointed out when they took a swart businessman named Max Bluestein, proprietor of the Lakeview Athletic Club, to court last December. The evidence at Bluestein's trial was that the club he ran with two other bookmakers was booking an average of \$37,000 a day in illegal bets, or well over \$13 million a year. Magistrate Joseph Addison acknowledged that a bookie usually pays out five dollars for every six dollars bet with him. He estimated the bookies' profit at only \$1.1 million a year, and sentenced them to two months in jail.

YOU PLAY BY THE BOOKIES' RULES

How did the magistrate conclude that the bookmaker usually pays out \$5 for every \$6 he handles, or in other words makes a dollar profit every time eleven dollars turn over? Well, that's the way the bookie sets the ground rules for betting. It doesn't matter how many points one team may be favored over another, and it doesn't matter which team you want to bet on, the favorite or the underdog. You've got to give the bookmaker 6 to 5.

Let's say the Winnipeg Blue Bombers are three-point favorites over the Ottawa Rough Riders. If you want to bet on Winnipeg you must give the bookmaker three points on the final score and you must put up \$6 in order to win \$5. Similarly, if you like Ottawa, you get three points from the bookie but you must again put up \$6 to win \$5. All he has to do is balance his book — one bet for, another against—and he can't lose. To keep his bets balanced, a bookmaker "lays off" too much action on Winnipeg with a bookmaker carrying an overbalance of Rough Rider money.

How did the Bombers become three-point favorites in the first place? This is called the line, and usually the line is established by three or four prominent bookmakers sitting over an after-dinner drink. Bookmakers follow sports closely, even expertly, keeping close watch on hot streaks, injuries to key players or other factors likely to influence a game's outcome. Small

bookmakers phone the bigger fish for the line, or they may get it from the newspapers, who themselves got it from the big bookmakers.

Football, or, more specifically, the Grey Cup game, gives bookmakers the most concentrated action of any Canadian sports event—a Toronto bookie estimates that "at least \$5 million, likely more," gets down with bookmakers on this single game every fall. Basketball, surprisingly, incites considerable Canadian betting on games played by American colleges. "There is this guy who bets with me," says a Toronto bookmaker, "who wouldn't know a basketball if it crawled into bed with him. He goes a hundred, two hundred every Saturday in the winter just because he sees there's a game coming up on television from Albuquerque or some place."

No Canadian bookie can be a real expert on American basketball, but he can always get a betting line from an American bookmaker or from Athletic Publications, an apparently legal business in Minneapolis run by Leo Hirshfield. He prints baseball, basketball and football schedules and, for a fee ranging from \$20 to \$30 a week, provides schedule-buyers with the latest odds on all sports events.

Basketball gets far less play in this country than any other sport largely because of the seamy reputation it has acquired for the number of college players who've been fixed in the past decade. Contrary to popular belief, the fix is not a tool of the bookmaker but of the gambler trying to make a killing at the bookie's expense.

Hockey, on the other hand, gets a very light play in the U. S. because gamblers unfamiliar with the game are not only uninterested but unconvinced that it wouldn't be a shade too easy to fix the goalie, whereas in Canada a goalkeeper's morals are regarded as ironclad and his game is bet on heavily.

The betting line in hockey is the same as football's except that bookmakers call it a puck line rather than a point line. Thus, when the Maple Leafs are playing the Canadiens in Montreal, the Canadiens are likely to be "a puck and a half," meaning that if you bet on them and they beat the Leafs 2 to 1 you lose (by the half-goal).

Canadian bookmakers handle a large volume of money on baseball, which is strictly an odds or money-line game; there is no such thing as a runs line, as there are points and pucks lines. Bookies

here get the line from their American counterparts, who don't even talk in terms of teams, only pitchers. "Ford at Chicago over Wynn," a bookie says, meaning that the New York Yankees with Whitey Ford pitching, are favored over the Chicago White Sox with Early Wynn pitching, in a game at Comiskey Park.

A SELF-GOVERNED LOTUS LAND

Just about the only enterprise in which the bookmaker doesn't make his assured profit is horse-racing, but even here he has thrown up defenses. Regardless of what a horse pays at the track (a long-shot might return hundreds of dollars) the bookmaker will brook no odds higher than 15 to 1 for a winning horse, 6 to 1 for a place bet, and 3 to 1 for show. Below those odds, he pays off at track prices. Similarly, he sets restrictions on the amount of money he'll book. If you are particularly high on a horse and want to bet \$500, you'll likely be told you can bet a hundred, and that's it. Or the bookmaker can refuse your action altogether, even though you might be a steady client, on the grounds that he is already carrying enough money on a given horse and can't be bothered trying to lay it off.

And so the bookies flourish in their self-governed lotus land. "Public apathy is responsible," says police chief James Mackey. "Why, the bookmaker's not a bad guy. He's not a killer, he's not molesting children. That, you know, is what the public thinks of these parasites who are quietly eating away at them. I don't blame the magistrates. We know we can't stop bookmaking—people want to bet. But it could be controlled by putting them away. They really scramble when they know they're going to jail."


A man who has had 35 years of business dealings with bookmakers, Toronto newspaperman Joe Perlove, also feels the public is at fault, but for different reasons.

"People who bet with bookmakers are imbeciles and half-wits and should be committed to an asylum," he declares. "No one in his right mind would stand for it if the city council were to lay down rules like the bookmakers. They limit your bet, they quote their own prices, and on top of that they charge you for it. Citizens who bet with bookmakers should be put away for their own good."

Does Mr. Perlove bet with bookmakers?

"Yes," said Mr. Perlove. ★





Sugar-water mixture, left, helps the blood flow smoothly in standard hospital transfusion.

A DOCTOR OF 45 YEARS' STANDING BRINGS A GRAVE CHARGE THREE BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS OUT OF FOUR ARE

Shock, disease, even death can follow a blood transfusion that had only "cosmetic" value in the first place. This is an inside observer's report on what one specialist calls "playing Russian roulette with a bottle of blood"

BY DR. F. B. BOWMAN with Sidney Katz

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIVE WEBSTER

BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS, as commonly used in medical practice today, do at least as much harm as good. Any blood transfusion involves risk, and in some cases, the risk is justified. But my own forty-five years of experience as a doctor convince me that three quarters of the almost 500,000 blood transfusions given in Canada each year are unnecessary — a needless and sometimes fatal risk to the patient.

Every blood transfusion is fraught with potential danger for two reasons. We haven't yet perfected a system of cross-matching the blood of the donor and the recipient; therefore, the recipient may suffer a serious shock to his system. Again, blood can transmit several known—and unknown—allergies



GEAGAINST THE MAJORITY OF HOSPITALS AND PHYSICIANS: RARE MORE LIKELY TO HARM THAN TO HEAL

and diseases, some of which may prove ultimately fatal to the recipient. Under these circumstances, to casually hand out blood transfusions willy-nilly, is, in the words of the American blood specialist, Dr. W. H. Crosby, "playing Russian roulette with a bottle of blood instead of a revolver."

Many doctors share my view that giving blood transfusions has assumed the proportions of a fad. Dr. R. A. Zeitlin, director of the South London Transfusion Service, says that "pints of blood are dispensed more liberally than beer . . . 'Cosmetic transfusions' are performed (i.e. those given only to bring a little color to the cheeks) more for the benefit of the relatives and the peace of mind of the doctor than for the patient.

Blood transfusions are causing a substantial number of deaths among hospital patients."

Dr. Bruce Chown, a Winnipeg pediatrician and blood specialist, after a special study of a group of women patients, observed: "At least half of the blood transfusions given were unnecessary. Blood has always had a mystical quality; its use in the operating room is more often mystical than scientific. I would hazard the guess that not 5 percent of the transfusions given to the women have been life-saving. And I would hazard the guess too, that at least as great a percentage have been death-dealing." Dr. J. H. Dribble, a University of London pathologist, says, "In the eighteenth century hundreds of people lost their lives from

having blood taken out of them needlessly; today, people are being killed by blood being put into them needlessly."

Because of the risk involved, blood should only be given in cases of absolute necessity. Such cases would include the treatment or prevention of severe traumatic shock; the replacement of a heavy loss of blood; and use of blood to hasten the repair of severe surgical damage. Unfortunately, too many doctors don't limit transfusions to these extreme medical emergencies. It can be said, with honesty, that they are "blood happy."

Not the least of the hazards in transfusion therapy arises from the difficulty of matching the blood of the donor to that of the recipient. If

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

I'VE FOUND that in recent years I've turned more and more to the books we refer to as "the classics" and further away from modern novels. It's just lately, however, that I have understood why.

All the contemporary novels I pick up, regardless of theme or subject, read as if they were written by the same man. I get the impression that he looks like John Wayne. He talks like a private investigator and thinks like a travel writer for a cheeseecake magazine. He has a wisecracking contempt for his locale, yet he's a confirmed travel snob. He's also a tough-talking culture snob who carefully plants the fact that he is no slouch himself when it comes to art and music, but that it hasn't spoiled him as a whole some North American. His language is breezy, flippant, and as fast-paced as Peter Gunn's. He talks about love, beauty, truth and eternity all out of the corner of his mouth, as if between planes at the Shrimpers' Bar (I like the Shrimpers' Bar, although most people have never heard of it).

But there's a basic and fatal weakness in this man's books. The author is so clearly someone I know or someone you know—a bit more seasoned, glib and experienced, perhaps, but still someone I used to shoot pool with—that I'm not particularly interested in spending an evening with him.

I never got further with *Exodus*, which I expected to start with the strident grandeur of horns and crashing cymbals, than the passage, on the first page:

"Anything to declare?" the customs inspector said.

"Two pounds of uncut heroin and a manual of pornographic art," Mark answered, looking about for Kitty.

All Americans are comedians, the inspector thought. . . .

I got a bit further with *Anatomy of a Murder*, but not much. I reached:

"I thought maybe you'd taken the gas pipe," Maida [the stenographer, who was later characterized tenderly as "just a dame that types letters and reads Mickey Spillane"] said cheerily [to Paul Biegler, a barrister with presumably five years' college education]: "Are you about to dictate Biegler's Farewell Address?"

Biegler laughed hollowly [the author says], and slid a wrinkled twenty-dollar bill across the desk. "No dictation, Maida. . . . Go over to the liquor store and fetch me a fifth of my favorite pilerun. . . . Buy yourself a new roadster with the change."

Later, Paul Biegler went to the phonograph and put on a recording of Debussy's, *La Damselle Elue*, but he couldn't fool me after that dialogue with his stenographer. He probably doesn't listen to Debussy any oftener than I do, which is practically never.

Robert Thomas Allen breaks a baffling literary case

WHY MODERN NOVELS ALL HAVE THE SAME SWINGING HERO



Things were very little better in an *Anthology of Russian Literature in the Soviet Period*, where, in *Fast Freight*, by Boris Andreievich Lavrenev, I was stopped, and I mean stopped, by the lines:

"What's on your mind Fred?" the head engineer asked in a lazy drawl. "This damned climate is killing me."

O'Hiddy expectorated into the cuspidor and smirked. "A fellow might think the nurse hasn't taken you out of your diapers yet. . . ." and a few pages later:

"Right," answered the engineer. "Will do!"

For once I found myself a fellow traveler when I read in a commentary that the party's judgment of the author was: "The superficial reader-interest lowers considerably the value of his work."

I didn't stay awake any longer the night I started to read Hugh MacLennan's *The Watch that Ends the Night*, which has the same people in it as the other books, including Alan Royce who, the very first time I met him gave Sally "an amiable slap on the backside." This didn't make Sally say anything more original, however, than "And since when have you known the elements of biology?"

I got to sleep even earlier the night I went to bed with *The Tortonians*, by Phyllis Brett Young, in which Karen told her husband, before breakfast, "Rick, I wish you had been a milkman," and "You're marvelous to live with," then spent four pages thinking things like: "The discovery of the wheel must have thrown quite a few people for a loop." She might have more searching, probing thoughts than I do at breakfast time, but we eat the same brand of corn flakes.

We seem to be losing sight of the fact that the author, even when he never appears as "I," is the main character in the book. What makes a book great is that the author is a great and unusual person, an entirely different breed of person from the reader. He thinks deeper thoughts, and expresses them more powerfully and beautifully. I'd give my TV and power-mower for half an hour with Tolstoi, Thomas Hardy, Dickens or Samuel Butler. But would I if they had all written like the man who writes all the books today?

For instance, Spinoza would have begun *On the Improvement of the Understanding* something like this:

I was in Long Orchard outside Amsterdam (visitors to Amsterdam

never get to Long Orchard). I was polishing lenses. I like polishing lenses. It was an idea I got from my father that everybody should work with his hands. I was thinking of a painting, Rembrandt's *St. Jerome*, which comes over the plate faster than his *Lesson in Anatomy*, and has more curve on it than *Portrait of an Old Woman*, and this idea hit me like a belt of Holland's gin with a beer chaser. Why not write a definition of God like a geometrical proof?

Take that opening scene on the train in Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*, told in the first person so that the reader could more easily identify himself with the author:

My black-haired neighbor inspected these peculiarities, having nothing better to do, and at length remarked, with that rude enjoyment of the discomforts of others which the common classes so often show: "Cold?"

"No," I said. "I just click my teeth to keep the fillings tight."

This comedy bit establishes that the *Idiot* is an American. He's also a regular guy who is bored with tourists.

A lot of the techniques of modern authors are like standard plumbing fixtures, and can be used in any situation. Take Plato's dialogues:

Euthyphro: Why have you left the Lyceum, Socrates? And what are you doing in the Porch of the King Archon?

Socrates: I had to take him two pounds of uncut heroin and a manual of pornographic literature.

Anything can be pepped up and the author can always give the impression that he's been everywhere. Homer really missed the tireme on this in the *Iliad*. Instead of "Sing, O Goddess, the Anger of Achilles, Son of Peleus" it could start:

"I'd done a bit of mountain climbing around Olympus. Off the tourist beat. I saw a few of the gods, but I couldn't figure which one started this trouble between Agamemnon and Achilles."

Anna Karenina could be brought up to date with:

Anna walked into the drawing room. Holding herself very erect as usual and looking straight before her, she came up to her hostess, moving with the quick, firm, yet light step which distinguished her from other society women. She shook hands, smiled and with the same smile looked around at Vronsky. Vronsky gave a low bow. She responded only by a nod of her head. Vronsky gave her an amiable slap on the backside.

Later, Anna joined Vronsky at a corner table, and he had said: "I ask only one thing: the right to hope, to suffer as I do now. But if even that cannot be, command me to disappear, and I disappear." Anna could laugh and say, "Vronsky, I wish you had been a milkman."

I mean breezy. The way we all talk. Something to hold the reader's interest. ★

HOW RUMRUNNING CORRUPTED CANADA

Smuggling liquor to the prohibition-stricken U.S. was legal in this country, but the rumrunners were crooks—and they made crooks out of Canadian officials and politicians

MOST CANADIANS born later than, say, 1920, are under the impression that their country came wholly unscathed through the social, moral and political ordeal of prohibition. Nothing could be further from the truth. Canada did escape the great consolidated headache of a Volstead Act, but the headache it took piecemeal was nevertheless a memorable one.

Except to collect sales and excise taxes and duties, Ottawa stayed largely clear of the liquor traffic during the first war and the postwar years. The provinces were left to write their own regulations—and in many cases to rewrite them and then rewrite them again. Prohibition, semi-prohibition and the open bar raced back and forth through the statute books of the nine provinces like the lights on a pinball machine, but there was never any time after 1921 when at least two or three of the provinces weren't at least damp. And even in those that were bone dry there were almost invariably warehouses stacked to the eaves with beverages which, although forbidden to local consumers, it was perfectly legal to export. In the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, some of the world's largest distilleries and

By Ralph Allen

THIS LIFETIME IN CANADA

The best of Ralph Allen's remarkable new book.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

breweries continued to produce at high capacities.

Thus, to anyone interested in assuaging the sudden thirst of a hundred million Americans, Canada was the promised land, a smuggler's paradise—an Andorra with a border four thousand miles long, and an undefended border at that. At each end lay enough open water to float a thousand Majorecas.

The last weepy pre-Volstead drunk had not finished his last pre-Volstead highball before the first relief shipments were on the way. Some went in schooners out of Lunenburg for dark coves in Maine, some from Victoria and Vancouver to lie off Puget Sound. Some went by skiff and fast launch from Windsor to Detroit, some by truck or bicycle or even on foot down lonely prairie trails from towns like Estevan, Saskatchewan, toward towns like Portal, North Dakota. Most Canadians soon became aware of these enterprises, which grew in scope and variety. Their reactions ranged from indifference to amusement. Hardly anyone was outraged except the dries.

The rumrunning and border-slipping broke no Canadian law, as various governments, including the one in Ottawa, CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Axing crates and kegs of liquor run in from Canada, Detroit police stopped a trickle but a flood got past them. Canadians ran illegal booze worth billions.



RUMRUNNERS *continued*

repeatedly and correctly reminded the public. It took half a dozen years or more before Canada fully comprehended the impossibility of providing both an operating base and the raw material for a multi-billion-dollar criminal industry while itself remaining untouched by the crimes involved. Then the knowledge came home with savage impact, almost enough to wreck the country's most durable political dynasty.

For the time being, however, prohibition was much too good a thing to leave to the Yankees. It was a far fresher topic of discussion than those old standbys, the tariff and the Empire. It even had a slight edge on the weather; a person could actually do something about it. Before the war it had been an issue that might or might not turn up in an election. Now it could not fail to turn up in some form, in any and all elections.

By the early 1920s the patterns of liquor law had begun to sort themselves out, but they were still a remarkable hodgepodge. Quebec and British Columbia were unabashedly wet. Their annual profits on drink exceeded, respectively, five million dollars and three million. There were rumors that a fleet of some twenty light aircraft were ferrying whisky across the Quebec border into New England. Seven bandits killed a Montreal bank-car driver in a quarter-million-dollar holdup and, during the trial that led to the hanging of four of them, it became apparent that shooting up banks was really only their spare-time work; smuggling was their real business.

Manitoba and Alberta were dry, but both were on the verge of changing. Saskatchewan had just gone wet after a harrowing experience. When prohibition was introduced it had been decreed that the province's sixty liquor export houses would still be able to ship spirits

out of the country, but after February 1, 1921, they would not be allowed to replenish their stock through further imports. Before the cutoff date they all built up enormous stockpiles and went happily on consigning the stuff in bond to destinations outside the province. The government had no objection to this export traffic, but unfortunately large quantities of warehouse whisky kept showing up on the breath of the province's own captive teetotalers. It was then decreed that all the liquor warehouses would have to move to Regina, Moose Jaw, or Saskatoon, where it would be easier for the law to help guard them against seepage. Even this did not work, and in 1923 the province closed down the export houses completely. During this period the prairies had a number of bank robberies, hitherto a rarity there.

Both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were dry. New Brunswick had export warehouses and experienced complications not unlike Saskatchewan's. In one two-day sweep in tiny Prince Edward Island, prohibition agents seized 1,100 gallons of rum and fourteen cases of whisky.

Nova Scotia was temporarily wet, a circumstance that made rumrunning all the more attractive to its fishing captains, who had an additional source of cargo at the nearby French island of St. Pierre. This led to a special set of problems, which were described thus in the Charlotte-town Guardian:

"It (the traffic) is not only immense, but is the cause of evil consequences to the Lunenburg fishing fleet.

"In 1921 there were 113 fishing vessels out from Gloucester. There were only 72 in 1924, and there will not be more than 30 in 1925. Not only will the catch of fish be very much restricted, but the fishermen themselves will have to go elsewhere for employment, because where a vessel engaged in fishing would carry twenty-five

Overhauled by a U.S. Coast guard cutter in the Detroit River, a bargeload of contraband beer from Canada goes to the bottom. Even today divers discover the odd cargo of bo



hands, vessels rumrunning need only carry six or seven. The profits in 1924 were so large, however, that the vessel owners, as a rule, succumbed to the temptation of the business.

"For the use of the vessels they receive from \$100 to \$120 per month, and the captains average about \$500 per month. In addition bonuses are paid for the successful landing of the cargo. The captain and crew are paid only to carry the liquor to Rum Row. They remain beyond the twelve-mile limit, as secure against the law as ordinary freighters. Property in the vicinity of the quays at St. Pierre has advanced very much in price; \$100,000 was refused recently for one warehouse property which was purchased a few years ago for \$2,000."

Ontario's law was the weirdest contraption of all. The province was considered to be prohibitionist and, indeed, it was difficult to obtain a drink of Scotch, rye, Irish, gin, rum or any beer worthy of the name. However, the powerful grape-growers' lobby had persuaded the government to stop short of outlawing wine. This could be bought freely in strengths up to 28 percent, a potency generally considered to be more conducive to straightforward guzzling than to gracious living. The government had issued permits allowing their 30,000 holders to make their own wine at home.

U. S. "DRY NAVY" BOARDED BRITISH AND CANADIAN SHIPS

After much agitation beer up to 4.4 proof was allowed later on. Anyone who could get a prescription could buy hard spirits for medicinal use. (Stephen Leacock reported: "... It is necessary to go to a drugstore ... and lean up against the counter and make a gurgling sigh like apoplexy. One often sees these apoplexy cases lined up four deep.")

South of the Forty-ninth Parallel and its adjoining waters the

harassed U. S. revenue agents were doing what they could to secure their borders against alcohol from abroad. What they could do, unfortunately, was sometimes what they had no right to do. They organized a "Dry Navy" of half a dozen high-speed patrol boats for use on the Atlantic coast and five motor cutters for the Great Lakes. Occasionally the Dry Navy searched or seized Canadian and British ships outside U. S. waters and sought to seal up liquor on passengers ships in U. S. ports. Britain was particularly touchy about any suggestion of interference with its maritime rights and when in the midst of these minor irritations the U. S. government without notice or discussion announced it was extending the three-mile limit to twelve miles, the irritation became acute.

In the first full year of the Volstead Act the import of whisky into Canada increased from an annual \$5,500,000 worth to \$23,000,000. "Rumrunning," the Financial Post pointed out realistically, "has provided a tidy bit toward Canada's favorable balance of trade." Saturday Night said haughtily: "A good many people in the United States, including certain Washington officials, are evidently of the opinion that it is Canada's duty to assist that country in enforcing the Volstead Act. One enthusiast writes that if it takes a hundred thousand men to police our borders in order that no smuggling of liquor may take place, it is the duty of Canada to perform that service." The Americans, Saturday Night went on, had brought the hazards of the Volstead Act on themselves through their own folly.

In March 1923 the U. S. Secretary of State officially asked Canada to refuse clearance papers to vessels with cargoes of liquor destined to ports in the United States unless a U. S. permit authorizing its entry was presented first. After three months Mackenzie King's government replied coolly that "the government of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

cargo of booze underwater, but in thirty years the metal caps have invariably rusted away.



Before and after: a flapper with skirts up might be a walking speakeasy.



Sweet and sour Person to person *by Anacchino*



"The first day of a diet is always the hardest. By the second day I'm not on it any more."



"I know I asked your opinion, Wally, and I'm telling you you're dead wrong."



"I picked it up while waiting for the TV repair man. Now I can't put it down."



"It isn't you. I was unhappy long before we married."



"I could better appreciate your working class attitude if you would get yourself a job."



"I'll bet Françoise Sagan's mother never complains about the typewriter keeping her awake."

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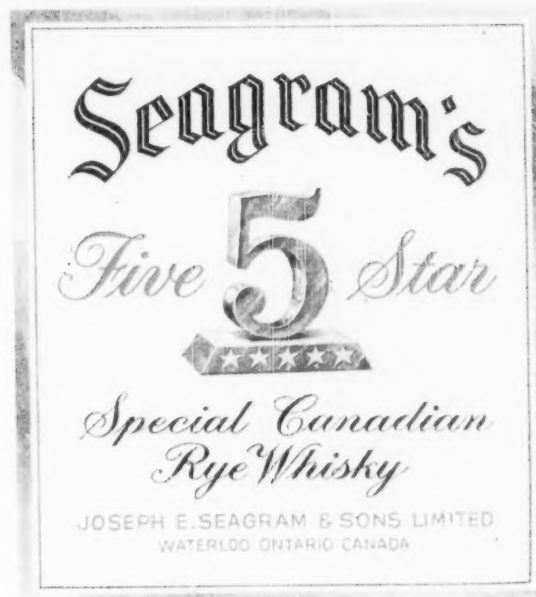


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The bootleggers soon developed a thriving cross-border traffic in stolen cars

Canada had carefully investigated the matter and had ascertained that the provisions of the law were being properly observed." There existed "no provisions in the customs laws or regulations which would warrant refusal of clearance to a foreign port simply because of the fact that the entry of such liquor, without special permits, was prohibited at the foreign port

in question." The government of Canada therefore "regretted their inability to adopt the suggestion put forth by the United States government."

But it gradually became apparent that, leaving international incidents and local crime aside, there were aspects to the rum-running problem that Canada had not fully appreciated. Smuggling is a two-way street,

economically and morally. A ship, a small vessel or a truck that can transport a cargo of contraband in one direction may be able to — and will certainly be tempted to — transport a different kind of contraband in the other direction on the return journey. A nation that yawns when its citizens break another nation's laws invites a loss of respect for its own laws.

Canada, rather disconcertingly, discovered that smuggling was not as great a help to the balance of trade as it had been first supposed. The return traffic was threatening a number of Canadian industries, large and small, with extinction or near-extinction. Saturday Night, which had taken so lofty an attitude toward American complaints two years earlier, summed up the other side of the equation in high alarm:

"Smuggling into Canada has of late years assumed such immense proportions and has increased with such startling rapidity that it has become a national menace. Hon. Jacques Bureau, Minister of Customs, is quoted as saying that at least fifty million dollars of foreign goods are smuggled into Canada every year. . . . No one can really have an adequate idea of the extent of a business which thrives on secrecy. . . . But its extent may be measured by the results; by the Canadian factories which have reduced or suspended operations because they cannot meet this unfair competition; by the workmen whose families are very close to the bread line, because Canadian merchants have preferred the cheap goods, coming by the underground route, to those made by Canadian factories which have honestly paid the duties on their raw materials; and by the prosperity of the smuggling communities which have entrenched themselves here and there along the international boundary line between Canada and the United States."

Although the larger ships of the rum fleet were not suitable for handling return cargoes, land conditions were ideal, particularly on the lonely frontiers between Maine and New Brunswick, between the southern townships of Quebec and Maine and Vermont and between Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana. A brisk two-way trade in stolen cars, based on the experience and organization of the border bootleggers, soon developed. Stolen goods of other kinds moved past the darkened lonely customs sheds with little trouble.

Representatives of the textile and allied industries were beginning to complain vociferously against the enormous increase in smuggling. Many Canadian firms were being driven to the verge of bankruptcy. Canadian tobacco manufacturers who, like textile and garment makers, had always depended on the protective tariff to stay in business, were equally concerned. King re-examined his attitude on the whole smuggling question and in mid-1924 a new treaty was signed by both countries: Canada granted U.S. revenueurs the right to search suspected rumrunners up to twelve miles from shore. There was to be closer exchange of information on suspected cargoes on both sides and more care in granting clearance papers when there was any suspicion of intent to smuggle. Stolen property would be returned to the country of origin. But in fact and in practice it was far too loose an arrangement to cause the bootleggers and runners of contraband more than minor inconvenience.

But neither King nor anyone in his cabinet fully realized or was ready to admit how serious a problem smuggling had really become. The prime minister was prepared, when confronted with samplings of the unpleasant truth, to make sounds of polite concern, preferably in a low voice. He had his hands full maintaining his precarious mastery of parliament, although his hopes were high for the next election. Any suggestion of an underground crime wave, any whisper of scandal or laxity in the government service, would be particularly embarrassing now.

When a delegation of prominent busi-



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nessmen came to urge on him the need of tightened laws and tighter enforcement of the existing laws, he received them with grave attention. He was interested to learn that they had formed themselves into a Commercial Protective Association and were prepared to offer the authorities all possible co-operation. The meeting did bestir King to offer the Protective Association the services of one of its most efficient private eyes. This was Walter Duncan, an investigator for the Department of Finance. Duncan was authorized to hire a small staff and he himself was given the power to examine witnesses under oath, to break into premises and safes, and to seize books and records.

Duncan chose as his first target one of the most incredible sitting ducks in the annals of public malfeasance. Whatever could be said of him, Joseph Edgar Alfred Bisaillon, chief preventive officer for the Department of Customs in Montreal, was never a man to hide his light under a bushel. He was already modestly famous as a protagonist in two of the most bizarre and mystifying episodes in the history of the Customs service.

The first was known as the Lortie-St. George case. In 1919 a wagon drawn by a single horse drove up to the Canada Steamship docks in Montreal. The driver dismounted and unloaded two trunks. He

partnership with Louis Morel, a former acquaintance of Bisaillon's in the Customs department who had resigned from the civil service for a life of crime. But Chicago Benny insisted someone had double-crossed him and Morel, by hoisting the drugs twenty-four hours too soon; he intimated that his Number One suspect was Bisaillon, the Customs officer.

Now, five years later and several degrees in rank higher, Bisaillon had just emerged in an equally intriguing role from the equally intriguing Barge Tremblay case. In November 1924 — just about the

time Walter Duncan was beginning his investigations on behalf of the Commercial Protective Association — the Quebec City office of the provincial liquor commission was advised to watch for a certain barge sailing up the St. Lawrence.

The barge appeared, labored on past the city without stopping to clear Customs, and disappeared into the night. The liquor commission sent a patrol along the banks in search of the waddling ghost ship and caught up to it the following midnight, moored in a quiet cove near the village of St. Sulpice.

Eight trucks had already begun unloading 16,000 gallons of alcohol on which no duty had been paid and whose likeliest point of origin seemed to be the French island of St. Pierre. The detachment from the liquor board seized the barge and arrested the captain and crew and two American passengers who said they owned the cargo.

The boarding party prepared to go on to Montreal for further instructions. Before they could cast adrift, however, a stranger rode in from the night in a Model T Ford. His name was Duval, and he said

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gave the baggageman two first-class tickets to Cornwall, Ontario, sixty miles upstream and asked to have the trunks checked. As the baggageman dragged the trunks across the counter, he heard something rattling inside and called a Customs officer. The officer found a key to fit and discovered that the trunks contained \$35,000 worth of narcotics. He locked the trunks again and awaited developments. Soon two women arrived to make sure the trunks had been properly dispatched and to pick up the checks. The Customs officer stepped forward and asked them if they had the keys to the trunks. No, they said calmly, they hadn't; the trunks belonged to an acquaintance of theirs, a Dr. Lortie, in France, who had asked them to have them forwarded to Cornwall as a favor.

By this time a second Customs officer had been called into the consultation — Joseph Bisaillon. Shortly afterward the women were allowed to go. No one searched them or made any attempt to check their story or their identities. When notified of the presence of the drugs, however, the RCMP took a less casual view and after a considerable search found the women and brought them to trial. At the trial, although the evidence was still strong enough to bring down the conviction of both accused, neither Bisaillon nor his fellow Customs officer could identify either one. The judge warned Bisaillon and the other officer of the penalties for perjury, but they stuck to the story that they had never seen the women before.

That night the drugs, which had been released to the safekeeping of the Montreal chief of police, were stolen. One of the persons automatically questioned was Chicago Benny Rose, a gangster who had come north to exact what share of the tribute he could along the new caravan trail staked out by prohibition. Chicago Benny admitted readily enough that he had been planning to steal the drugs, in

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he was a Customs officer acting for Chief Preventive Officer Bisaillon, who also had been warned to watch out for the Barge Tremblay.

Bisaillon was one of the first men aboard when the vessel docked at Montreal. He notified the new masters of the ship, the men from the Quebec Liquor Commission, that as officials of a provincial government they were inferior in authority to him, an officer of the Dominion government. He ordered them ashore and they meekly complied, first telling him that the captain and the crew and the two Americans had been placed under arrest. Bisaillon immediately permitted the two Americans to escape and then impounded the cargo for the Crown.

This led him into court again, along with the barge captain and certain members of the crew. The charge was conspiracy, its burden that Bisaillon had made arrangements to steer the vessel's 16,000 gallons of alcohol to a safe harbor, duty free. The intervention of the Quebec Liquor Commission had been a stroke of bad luck, partly balanced by the fortunate escape of the owners of the cargo.

The case was dismissed for want of evidence — not, however, before Bisaillon was compelled to admit to some remarkable bookkeeping habits. Since the only matter at issue now was the affair of the Barge Tremblay, nothing immediate came of the disclosure that at least \$69,000 of government money had found its way into Bisaillon's personal bank account — all of it, he insisted, being returned to the receiver-general in an orderly and business-like way.

Inspector Duncan — working quietly for the Commercial Protective Association — had no difficulty in gathering further information on Bisaillon. He ran a Customs brokerage business of his own in his spare time. He was a well-known landowner in the famous smuggler's cove of Rock Island, one of those picturesque Canadian-New England villages where some of the houses were actually partly in Canada and partly in the United States. Bisaillon owned one whole house on each side of the border and it was common gossip that he made good and rather obvious use of them.

Duncan, the detective, was reporting to and working closely with R. P. Sparks, chairman of the Commercial Protective Association — which now claimed among its concerned supporters such august organizations as the Montreal and Toronto Boards of Trade and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Both men had expected the automatic dismissal of Bisaillon by the Customs department, or at least his suspension pending a full inquiry into his activities. Montreal was the smuggling capital of Canada, and perhaps of North America, and for a man of Bisaillon's background to continue as the district's chief antismuggling warden seemed as imprudent as putting a known rapist in charge of a school for wayward girls.

Nevertheless, neither the genial minister, Jacques Bureau, nor his deputy, R. R. Farrow, gave the slightest indication that they had even been reading the papers during the Barge Tremblay hearings. Two months later Bisaillon was still their chief preventive officer in Montreal. Sparks visited Bureau's office to inquire discreetly whether any action was contemplated, but he learned nothing. Duncan added a new entry to his own file on Bisaillon: at an early period of his career the chief preventive officer had, in the presence of two other Customs officers, offered a fourth Customs officer a standing bribe of \$100 a week.

Early in February 1925, eight months after the original interview with MacKenzie King, Sparks wrote the prime minister in his capacity as chairman of the

business group asking that a parliamentary committee be appointed.

On February 21, after an inconclusive interview with Jacques Bureau, Sparks petitioned the prime minister again: "The acquittal of Bisaillon . . . creates a new situation. I think you should be in possession of certain information which we have in reference to this matter, as he is the key to the whole smuggling situation. . . . Might I again repeat what I think I have said to you before, that, from the standpoint of loss of revenue, I think the smuggling business is second only to the loss occasioned by the Canadian National Railways." Sparks wrote again, four days later, returning to the one problem he and his detectives thought could be isolated and corrected in an instant: Joseph Bisaillon.

Not a word of reply was received from the prime minister or his office. King was shielding Bureau, his Customs minister, as stubbornly as Bureau was shielding Bisaillon, his officer.

"A typical debauched official"

Later that summer King made two fairly routine decisions. He called a general election for October and he arranged for his Customs minister, Jacques Bureau, to be appointed to the Senate in September. Except for one meeting at Three Rivers, where Bureau was angrily shouted down, smuggling created barely a ripple in the campaign. Neither King nor Arthur Meighen, the Conservative leader, found much to talk about except the tariff. The Liberals lost 16 seats and ended up with 101. The Conservatives shot up from 49 to 116. The tottering agrarian third party, the Progressives, still had 25, so that with luck, prudence and proper respect for the remnant of the farmers' party, King had a chance to get through another term by holding the support of two minorities.

But the caldron of the Customs Department was still bubbling behind the scenes. Much had happened since Jacques Bureau and King had so pointedly refused to answer the Commercial Protective Association's repeated requests for a cleanup. As evidence from the private detectives piled

up, Sparks, the association's chairman, went to the veteran Conservative MP, Harry H. Stevens, and put the whole matter in front of him. Stevens consulted his party leader, Meighen.

The Tories now had a fistful of cards. The new question was how to play them. On a dramatic February midnight Stevens took the floor of the Commons and made the first move. He resurrected the Barge Tremblay and Lortie-St. George cases and he introduced his fellow legislators to Joseph Bisaillon: "The worst of crooks, he is an intimate of ministers, the petted favorite of this government. The recipient of a moderate salary, he rolls in wealth and opulence, a typical debauched and debauching public official."

Stevens hammered on until four o'clock in the morning, outlining what he emphasized was only the barest skeleton of the skeleton in the closet. To get even a respectable part of the whole story, he insisted, it would be necessary to convene a special parliamentary committee.

The committee was granted by the squirming government and it reported back in June 1926. It came bearing approximately everything Stevens had said it would, and a little more. There was a wealth of verse to support each chapter of his first spate of charges, and now there were a few new chapters too.

The most startling one went back to the rumrunners. Many Canadians still regarded them as a rather romantic breed of men, somewhere between Long John Silver and Robin Hood — gay adventurers braving the guns of the U.S. Coast Guard to maintain freedom of the seas and a friendly neighbor's right to a harmless drink. But now, it developed, not nearly all the liquor being smuggled out of Canada was being smuggled into the United States. Millions of dollars' worth was being smuggled back into Canada at a heavy cost to the Canadian taxpayer.

It worked like this. Canadian distillers or wholesalers paid excise tax only on the whisky they sold in Canada. When they sent a shipment to a foreign destination it went out under bond. They posted a forfeit of twice the value of the cargo to

ensure that it reached its foreign destination; this bond was returned on presentation of a receipt from the foreign port of entry.

Most of these receipts were, as everyone knew, forged. A cargo of whisky bonded for and addressed to Mexico or Nassau would be unloaded for Boston off the North Atlantic coast. In due course a receipt would come back from Mexico or Nassau; the distiller made his profit, the shipper made his profit, the Custom inspector — not always, but sometimes — made his profit, and the deserving, parched American got his drink. If anyone suffered in the transaction, no Canadian did.

But as the parliamentary committee's investigations soon showed, this delightfully cynical way of doing business was also robbing the Canadian treasury blind. In addition to their "legitimate" bootlegging to the United States, distillers and other shippers were bonding Canadian whisky to Mexico, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Peru and other foreign ports and then unloading it, tax free and duty free, in Canada. Receipts were easy to come by and they were seldom closely scrutinized. The amount of difficulty depended only on how comatose or corruptible the Customs officials happened to be. Under this system of intra-mural smuggling one ship, according to its records, made three return journeys to the Bahamas in a week. Another vessel made a round trip to Peru in two days. In the three years ending in 1925 almost six million gallons of liquor left Halifax and Saint John under bond. A committee member claimed that "not one gallon of it left the shores of the Maritimes, and because it did not, at the rate of \$9 a gallon excise, the treasury lost \$52,481,340."

One imaginative bootlegger found an ingenious way of beating the heavy Canadian duty on genuine imported Scotch. The Scotch did, in fact, come from Scotland. In fiction it was bound not for Canada but for Japan. Its route was through the Welland Canal to Port Arthur, then by train to the Vancouver docks. But somewhere between Lachine on the St. Lawrence and Port Arthur on Lake Superior the whisky disappeared. The Customs Department accepted the word of a known bootlegger that it had been actually off-loaded at Buffalo and therefore was not liable to Canadian duty. The committee estimated the loss to the Canadian treasury in this one episode at between \$420,000 and \$700,000.

It was disillusioning enough for parliament and the nation to learn that not all rumrunners were patriots in disguise, plucking tail feathers from the Eagle for the common good. An infinitely more sobering and shameful truth became apparent as George Boivin, the new minister, was drawn personally into the inquiry.

Far from approaching the job of cleaning up the Customs Department like a Gatahad, Boivin had approached it like a man who has inherited a concession. One of the problems awaiting him was how to dispose of the 16,000 gallons of alcohol that had run aground with Joseph Bisaillon's plans for the Barge Tremblay. He found this easy enough to solve. Among the new aristocracy of legal bootleggers, W. J. Hushion was one whom Boivin was pleased to call a friend. Hushion, a former member of parliament, was now chiefly engaged as a senior officer and owner of Dominion Distilleries — a leading exporter to the United States and, according to the firm's books, other foreign countries as far distant as Japan. There was no more logical man to whom to sell the contraband from the Barge Tremblay. Boivin let Hushion have the entire shipment at 36 cents a gallon, tax free. The price was fair and no tax was collectible, for it had been

JASPER

By Simpkins



"... but I know what I like."

established and certified that the alcohol was not officially drinkable. It was denatured, i.e. rubbing alcohol, and under the law Hushion would be allowed to resell it only to hospitals and a few other rigidly specified types of consumer.

So far so good. But having sold Hushion the contents of the Barge Tremblay as rubbing alcohol, tax free, the minister now permitted Hushion to export it to the United States as drinking liquor. (How he was to get it through the Volstead pickets was, of course, not the department's affair.)

In short, Boivin gave his friend the best of both worlds. What the government sold him as poison it allowed him to resell as non-poison, with the price and tax advantages on his side in both cases. If it was not poison, the government was defrauded of about \$200,000. If it was poison, only the people who drank it were defrauded.

The story that held parliament's attention longest however, and probably played the greatest single part in bringing down the government, was not one involving huge sums of money, rich conspirators, chases by moonlight or any of the other paraphernalia of high intrigue. It revolved around an insignificant little country bootlegger named Moses Aziz.

Moses Aziz lived in Caraquet, New Brunswick, a small town near the Bay of Chaleur. In the summer of 1925, a raid on his premises disclosed him to be in possession of several hundred dollars' worth of contraband liquor. It was his third offense and he was sentenced to a year in jail.

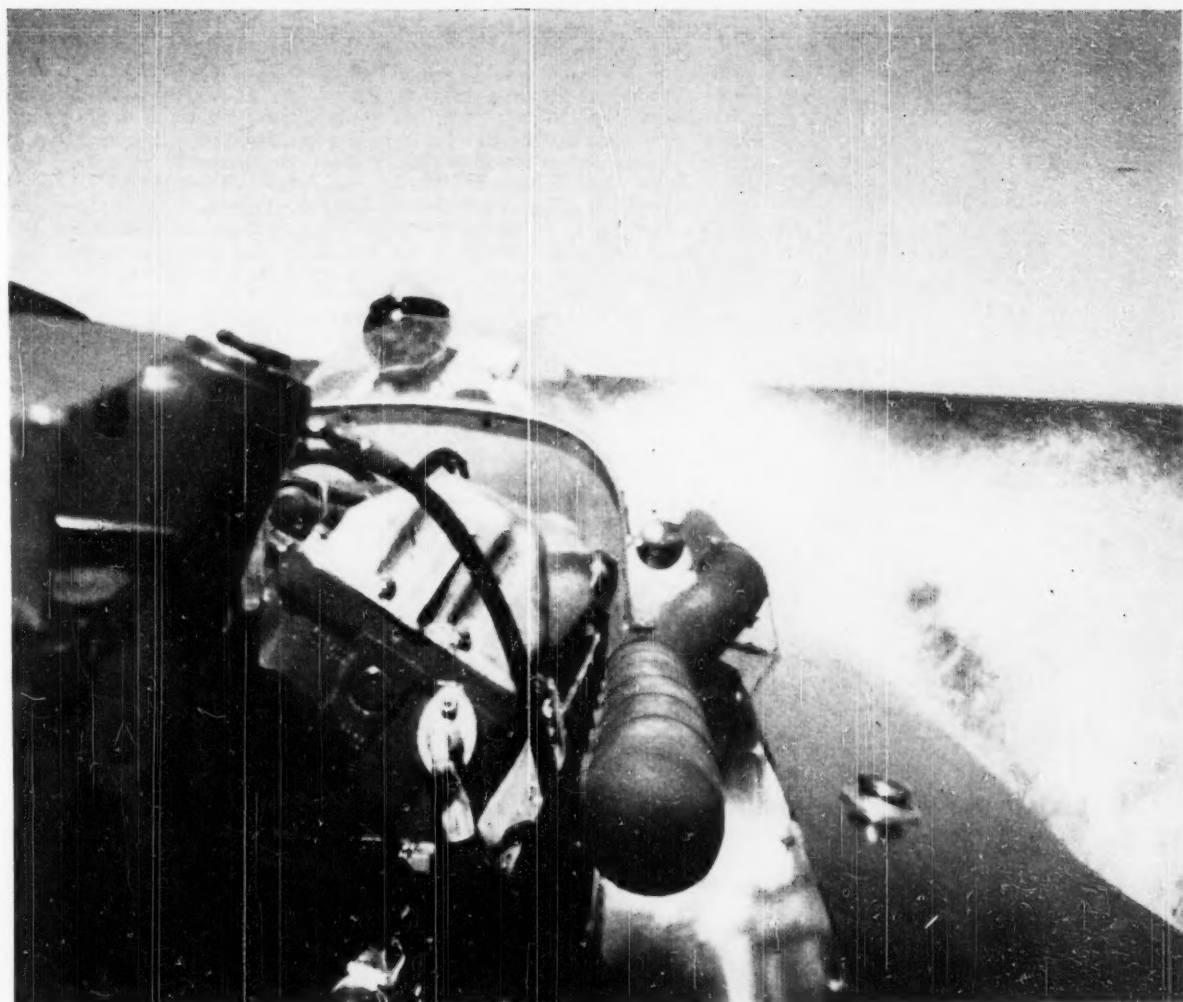
One of the first messages George Boivin found awaiting him when he relieved Jacques Bureau as minister of Customs in September was a letter from J. G. Robichaud, the Liberal candidate for Gloucester, asking that Aziz's sentence be stayed. Boivin, a lawyer, wasn't sure why Aziz — having been convicted — wasn't in jail already. Nor was he sure how he, the minister of Customs, could overrule a decision of the courts. But, as he explained innocently to the parliamentary committee, he wasn't certain of legal practice in New Brunswick. He gave his fellow Liberal what comfort he could by promising to talk to him about the case on the latter's forthcoming trip to Ottawa.

Late in September a much more urgent message came from Robichaud to Boivin. "Will you please consult with the Honorable Mr. Lapointe [the minister of justice] about the proceedings instituted against Mr. A. M. Aziz, Caraquet. I attach the greatest importance to this affair, since in the actual circumstances I need the help of all my friends. Mr. Aziz is of the highest help to us during this campaign and we cannot do without his services."

Any qualms Boivin may have felt about the legal niceties vanished. If the party needed help, who was he to quibble about the law? Lapointe was not available for advice, but Boivin wired the local customs officer in New Brunswick: "Am directed to request you to stay execution of warrant of commitment against Moses Aziz pending further investigation. Arrange with magistrate accordingly."

Robichaud, the home candidate, retained the seat for the Liberals in the fall election, presumably with the help of Aziz. The latter continued in his state of freedom, his one-year jail sentence unserved, unreviewed by any court, unaffected by anything except the private arrangement of two Liberal members of parliament. Five months later Moses Aziz was still free.

Boivin now had two explanations for his own conduct in the matter. One was for the House of Commons, where he could say what he wished to say and pay as much or as little attention to anyone else



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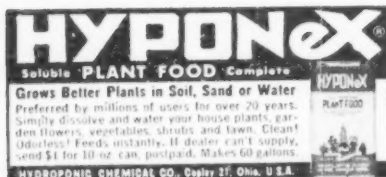
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as he chose. The other explanation was for the parliamentary committee, where he was subject to the hazards of cross-examination.

Before the tough-minded committee he admitted again and again, abjectly and without reservation, that he had had no right to interfere with Moses Aziz's sentence once the courts had pronounced it. In the House itself, where the audience was less critical, Boivin was correspondingly less frank. The hungry Tories, certain they had a major quarry at bay, demanded he come to the confessional again before the nation's highest tribunal. He refused, and refused again and again — at first petulantly and rather pathetically, then sullenly, then indignantly. Amid blizzards of red herrings and tornadoes of invective from both sides of the House, Boivin stood his untenable ground. He had pleaded guilty once, before the private inquisition. It was too much to ask that he plead guilty again before the public jury. He declined flatly to admit to any wrongdoing. He was not to have another chance to do so, for within six weeks he was dead — his friends said of the strain of trying to repair a world he never made, his enemies said of worry over his own tragic failings, the doctors said of appendicitis.

The scandal at last cost King the support of the Progressives and drove him briefly out of office. But he was able to win re-election almost at once by leading Lord Byng and Conservative leader Arthur Meighen into the complicated trap of the Constitutional Crisis.

Except for a few modifications and inconveniences the rumrunners continued to do business pretty much as usual until near the end of the thirties. The perennial dispute with the United States flared up more hotly than ever when two U.S. patrol vessels chased a Canadian ship named the *I'm Alone* for two days and 215 miles, finally caught it in their gun-sights and sank it with cannon fire.

In its first wave of outrage during the parliamentary inquiry, a resolution had been passed demanding that no more shipments of booze be allowed to leave the country bearing U.S. addresses, but King did not put it into effect. Indeed, boats carrying Canadian liquor were loading constantly in Windsor in full view of the U.S. Customs station across the Detroit River and proceeding undisturbed to land their cargo on the far side.

The weird arrangement in existence was that when Canadian liquor was on the way to the United States, the Canadian authorities would grant the necessary papers and then telephone the American authorities at the port of destination to warn them the contraband was on its way.

Frequently the American officials, who had become just as cynical as and, it must be suspected, even more corrupt than the Canadian officials, merely sat and looked on. A Canadian officer in Bridgeburg, Ontario, reported to the Department of National Revenue that his opposite number across the fifteen-minute run to Buffalo had asked him to stop making phone calls about impending shipments of rum and write him once a week. According to one MP, there were five thousand cases in which Canadian Customs agents had cleared rumrunners with the boat wrongly named and the captain wrongly named. An unbelievable number of the boats were called Daisy and their skippers Bill Smith.

The Canadian minister of National Revenue, W. D. Euler, had inherited this Gilbert-and-Sullivan situation from George Boivin and Jacques Bureau, and he viewed it with calm and unconcern. In the House he spoke of an adventure of his own:

"I was offered safe conduct by a liquor exporter and went out on a launch on the Detroit River. I could see the United States

Customs office on the other shore and I could see it was not very difficult to detect any boats that left the Canadian shore to go to the American side. While in Windsor I got into conversation with a man engaged in the business of exporting liquor. I asked him, 'Do you cross in the day-time?' He answered, 'Yes, quite often.' I said, 'How is it they do not get you?' He replied with a smile, 'It just happens that they are not there when we go across.'"

At one time there were actually ninety docks in Windsor mainly serving the liquor trade. Thirty of them were closed up after the Ontario Liquor Control Board charged that at least some of them were "switching back" liquor into Ontario. In a prosecution against one of the Windsor warehouses, a government lawyer estimated that the liquor traffic across the Detroit River was about a million dollars' worth a month. The U.S. Prohibition Bureau issued a statement saying that four-fifths of the illegal alcohol coming into the United States came through Detroit and in defense of its inability to stop it maintained that, in order to do so, it would need the whole U.S. Army and Navy. The U.S. tried to extradite a bagful of Canadian distillers, wholesalers, even bankers and railway officials. The intention was to charge them with conspiracy to defeat the Volstead Act, but the case was quietly dropped when it became apparent that no

PARADE

The Indians blew them up

Just back from a first camping trip are two lads who live with their parents in Deep River, Ont., and at least one of them is sadder and wiser about the ways of the wild. They'd been all steamed up about leading the rugged wilderness life, but when it came time



to make camp on the first night of the family holiday, the one lad was assigned the duty of pumping up the air mattresses with one of those handy concertina gadgets. Halfway through he stopped to gasp, "Gosh—I don't know how the Indians stood this!"

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Canadian court was likely to take the extradition request seriously.

The government stuck to its basic position that liquor in most parts of Canada was a legally manufactured product, that the government had no right under the existing law to forbid its export and didn't intend to change the law, since to do so would set an impossible precedent.

One notable sympathizer in this was the explosive little congressman from New York, Fiorello La Guardia. In his view the U.S. proposal that Canada change its own laws to fit the requirements of the Volstead Act was completely indefensible; indeed, he spluttered in the House of Representatives, there had never been "a more outrageous, cheap proposition in the history of the world." A slightly less passionate defender of Canada's position was Mackenzie King's part-time ally, J. S.

Woodsworth, who wondered innocently in the Canadian House of Commons whether Canada's staunch attitude might not be unconsciously influenced by the huge campaign donations both the Liberal and Conservative parties were getting from the distillers.

In the meantime, although the British consul in New Orleans indignantly demanded, and obtained, the release from U.S. custody of the survivors of the *I'm Alone* and other protests were made in their behalf in Washington, most of the rumrunners working the high seas regarded the affair as nothing more serious than a bad break in a game in which the odds were all on their side.

The fantastic adventures of the Volstead Act were by no means confined to Windsor and the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. On the long and empty prairie border between Saskatchewan and Alberta on the north and North Dakota and Montana on the south, anyone who was content to smuggle a few bottles merely had to walk through a clump of wolf willow or Saskatoon berries and hand them over. But a person with more ambition could easily whisk them through by the carload. This created its own regional gangland. A frequent visitor to the town in southern Saskatchewan where this writer grew up was a fairly important bootlegger from Lignite, North Dakota, who had acquired a set of possessions that looked as exotic, at least in that dusty little town in Saskatchewan, as the whole contents of the Arabian Nights. First of all his car, an authentic Duesenberg, top down, open to view, as long, low and glossy as Cleopatra's barge. It was all nickel and red, with a set of exhausts shining like a pipe organ.

This would have been a staggering enough sight, but the man from North Dakota filled his Duesenberg with blondes. There were usually four or five of them clustered around him like a bouquet of wax gardenias.

At the end of the procession he led into town came two black Buicks full of colored baseball players. This was the time of tournament baseball in the West, a time when almost every town of any size had its one- or two-day tournament for a thousand dollars or more, and when colored men were still not allowed in organized baseball. Two of the greatest men who ever pitched baseball, John Donaldson and Satchel Paige, had no place else to earn a livelihood but on the prairies. The gangster from North Dakota had neither Paige nor Donaldson, but he had a good ball team, easily good enough to play against Hap Felsch and Swede Risberg, the white stars of the Chicago White Sox who had been disqualified from organized baseball for their part in the fixed World Series of 1919. When the cavalcade from North Dakota swept into one of the small towns of southern Saskatchewan, it was far more exciting than the arrival of the circus. Nobody in that vicinity had seen a Duesenberg before, nobody had seen a gangster before, nobody had seen a manufactured blonde before, nobody had seen a colored man before. Suddenly the streets were alive with them all, honking, shouting, giggling, staring back in a not unfriendly way at the goggle-eyed farm boys.

Viewed from a quarter of a century's distance, Canada's part in Andrew Volstead's noble experiment was thoroughly shabby and disreputable. It is a mistake, however, to assume that we missed out altogether on its excitement, perils and profits. ★

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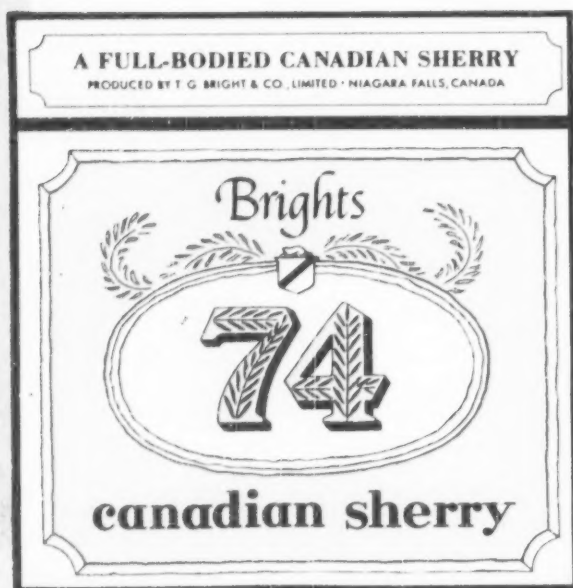


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QUEBEC'S REVOLUTION *continued from page 15*

**A proud province makes some painful admissions:
"At last the dirty linen has been put on view"**

which those of the United States seem to him stodgy and conservative; he has also acquired a new perspective of his own province. Even the Quebec farmer has lost the security of his old isolation. He has had a television set in his house for ten years, and if television has not introduced him to a better world, it has at least showed him a new one.

The young French-Canadian of today, especially if he has received a college education, is likely to describe himself as an anti-clerical, which means that he thinks of himself as a good Catholic but at the same time resents clerical interference in lay affairs. This is the sharpest point of his neurosis, for the Church is still in the position of a father to him — but of a father he feels is behind the times, excessively demanding and unwilling to allow the son to grow up. While he may long for the free-wheeling individualism of a modern young American, at the same time (for he is loyal) he feels an intense compulsion to advance the interests of the French-Canadian community. To seek success outside of that group amounts to a virtual self-exile, and more than one French-Canadian I know who has taken this course has admitted that he feels lost, deprived and guilty.

This means that when the young French-Canadian talks of the survival of French-Canadian culture, he is also talking of the survival of himself as an individual worthy of self-respect. And this brings him to another interior conflict. In the past, French-Canadian culture was virtually identified with the French-Canadian church. As Roger Lemelin said recently, a poor boy had the choice of securing a priest's education through the favor of his curé, or of going to work in the shoe factory. Inevitably, therefore, this new young French-Canadian is forced, whether he wishes it or not, to oppose his Church on many issues. Recently even some prominent clergies have admitted that the time has come for laymen to play a much larger role in education than they have in the past.

If this description of the new young French-Canadian is accurate, then I believe that when French-Canadians tell us that Quebec is exploding, they are using exactly the right word. Certainly the explosion in the arts has been as sudden as it has been exciting.

Only yesterday *Maria Chapdelaine* was the sole French-Canadian "classic" novel, and significantly it was written by a native of France. Only two decades ago there was such a taboo against quality in fiction (it might shame the people and threaten the *status quo*) that even a novel like Ringuet's *Trente Arpents* was considered daring. But look at the situation now!

Writers like Gabrielle Roy, Roger Lemelin, André Giroux, Yves Thériault and Robert Elie have won international markets. French poetry burgeons. French theatre, led by Gratien Gelinas and Jean Gascon, produces not only classic and modern works from France, but also native plays by such young men as the astonishingly prolific Marcel Dubé, and in addition sets a theatrical precedent by offering the same plays in English translations *with the same casts*. Musicians like Pierre Mercure, Michel Perrault and Jean Vallerand are creating music of international stature. Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, though starved of financial support, have displayed some of the most original choreography in North America. As for the painters,

there are so many of excellence that it seems invidious even to single out such famous names as Borduas, Riopelle, de Tonnancour and Pellon.

Most significant of all is the support these French-Canadian artists receive from the Quebec government and from the public for work so "modern" that it would have been refused admission to galleries even ten years ago. The people love it. Indeed, the extreme abstractionism of so much recent French-Canadian art is the clearest proof anyone can find of Quebec's psychological break with her past. Imagine an English-speaking town on this continent paying for a war memorial like the one Chicoutimi took from young Armand Vaillancourt!

Nor is art the sole aspect of this explosion in the old province. The patient work of the social scientists in the universities bears fruit in a harvest of men determined that French Canada should live for the future and not for the past. Not only in art, but also in science, engineering and business, must she fulfil herself.

Only the confident dare admit their own faults in public, and French-Canadians have at last reached the place where some of them will say in public that in the past Quebec was not only backward, but allowed her inferiority complex to pretend that some of her worst faults were in fact virtues. The disgraceful evidence produced before the Salvat Commission on political corruption has been as painful to proud French-Canadians as are the admissions made by a proud man to a psychiatrist. But they have been made; at last the dirty linen has been put on view.

Schooling: road to revolution

Education — this is the focus in which Quebec's revolution now is determined to express itself, nor could any area be more sensitive. To reform the educational system of Quebec as Premier Lesage and Paul Gérin-Lajoie hope to do is to extend the revolution all the way down to the grass roots. In the past the classical college was the core of the system. It produced a deeply religious man, often a cultivated one, but a man narrow nonetheless, and ill-equipped for competition in this modern world. Now the reforms contemplated by the Lesage government, if successful, will lift the whole province several locks higher within a single generation. It will make the Quebec society of 1990 as different from that of 1940 as modern England is from that of the eighteenth century.

Now I come to a curious phenomenon, and a perfect illustration of the inadequacy of communications between the Canadian two solitudes. This ferment in Quebec has been warming up for years, yet few English-speaking Canadians were really conscious of it. Some are not even aware of it now.

"If all this is happening in Quebec," a friend from the West said to me only last spring, "why didn't I hear about it before?" Any revolution of real magnitude is bound to show up in politics. So frankly I think you're exaggerating. We've always had our problems with Quebec (note the unconscious use of "we've"), but they always fade out. The more it changes the more it stays the same, and for the same reason."

I suppose he meant by "the same reason" the influence of the Church, yet his question had a certain point. Social revo-

lutions always express themselves in political action. The reason why Quebec's took so long to do so can be given in two words — Maurice Duplessis.

Now that Duplessis is dead, I don't suppose many would dispute that he came closer to being a dictator than any politician in Canada's history. Because Duplessis made "provincial autonomy" his slogan on the hustings, English-Canadians who remembered Henri Bourassa naturally assumed the late premier was a typical French-Canadian nationalist. He was never anything of the kind. He and the English-speaking Canadian and American corporation chiefs understood each other excellently. For him, provincial autonomy meant autonomy for Maurice Duplessis to do pretty well as he liked. Under its cloak he sold to outside corporations more of Quebec's natural resources than any other premier dreamed of doing, and often on poor terms. In his early days he may have had a necessary function, but as he got older power intoxicated him. He bossed, he corrupted in order to boss, and he was contemptuous of the young whom the corruption and cynicism of his party outraged. He sat on the lid as long as he lived, and for fifteen years he kept the new spirit of Quebec out of the political arena. When he died two years ago some French-Canadians felt the same kind of relief felt in Russia on the demise of Stalin. A new wind, they knew, was at last going to blow some fresh air into a closed room.

To sit on creative forces such as those in postwar Quebec is dangerous, and when the lid finally blew off, perhaps even an observer as astute as Jean Lesage was taken aback by some of the symptoms he observed. I know I was. This spring's debate about independence for Quebec came to me as a violent shock.

"Do you realize," a visiting Parisian said to me last winter, "that you're sitting on top of a bomb here?"

I did not realize it, neither did I believe it, but a week later, after a conversation with a young separatist, I began to wonder.

"To begin with," this man said, "understand that we're not anti-English. This is not the old self-pitying nationalism. This is new. We've been debunking some of our history books, and we know perfectly well that if our ancestors had conquered your ancestors they'd have been a lot tougher on you than you've ever been on us. But none of that matters any more. What matters is now."

"Just look at this situation from our point of view. We live in a country called Canada, and it's supposed to be bilingual. But it isn't. The bilingual Canadian is the French-Canadian who speaks English. Under these circumstances we can never be considered equal here."

I looked at him in some amazement: "But if you can speak two languages and the rest of us can only speak one, that makes you superior."

He gave me an exasperated smile. "Theoretically, yes. Actually, no. And do you want to know why? Because you English take it for granted that we must

always speak English to you. You judge us in a foreign language. When I express myself in English . . ."

"You speak it better than most English-Canadians," I said.

"Thank you. But I don't speak it as well as I speak French. In English only about three-quarters of me comes through. With most of us not even that much comes through. You people simply take it for granted that you get our whole quality out of our self-expression in your language. So naturally we're thought inferior."

"I still think the opposite is the case. I'll always have an inferiority complex because my French is so bad."

He shrugged. "You live in Montreal, and I don't think you really mean it anyway. But the rest of you simply take us for granted. You get sore because the Americans take you for granted. You get sore because the Americans will only notice you if you compete on American terms. We feel the same way about English Canada only more so, because we speak a different language."

"So let's separate and stay friends in-

stead of trying to live together in frustration. Quebec is like a raisin in the sun. It can dry up or it can explode, but if it explodes, maybe it will make some good wine."

Naturally, I protested that if Quebec formed a Laurentian Republic, Canada would be destroyed. More than that, Quebec would almost certainly be impoverished and isolated as she has never been in a century. I asked why Quebec could not fulfil her aspirations within Confederation.

He shook his head: "So long as we're a part of Canada, your businessmen will

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keep on supporting all the reactionaries
who hold us back."

By now, of course, everyone under-
stands that this separatist movement has
no real political basis. Just the same, when
an American reporter asked me if I took
it seriously, I answered an emphatic "yes."
As a symptom of a new state of mind,
as an extreme declaration of Quebec's de-
termination to realize her potentials, this
man's views cannot possibly be disregarded.
For unless English Canada respects and
co-operates with the aims of modern
Quebec, the independence movement
will certainly become a political force,
both dangerous and powerful. Should it
ever dominate Quebec politics, the result
would be an unmitigated catastrophe for
both the two solitudes. English Canada
would never let the nation go down the
drain without a struggle. And if it comes
to a struggle over this issue, the two soli-
tudes will bleed one another to death.

Therefore it is imperative that English
Canada should understand clearly what
Quebec's present aims are, and on what
broad concepts they rest. Let's begin with
the concepts.

The first is that French-Canadians refuse
to consider Quebec merely as one province
in a confederation of ten. They consider
her as French Canada, and for them this
is an historical and cultural concept.

The second is that French-Canadians,
having emerged after three centuries from
what Premier Lesage recently called "the
protective shell of the Roman Catholic
church," believe that in the near future
they can compete culturally, though not
politically, with any other small com-
munity in the world.

The third concept, following from the
second, is that they can realize their des-
tiny solely within the framework of what
they call the French-Canadian culture.
There, at least, my separatist friend ex-
pressed an idea basic to his whole people.

But the fourth concept, at present any-
way, is that all these aims should be
achieved *within Confederation*. And here
it must be said frankly that many French-
Canadians distrust their English-speaking
compatriots.

They distrust us not because they doubt
our good will, nor again because they dis-
like us, but for another reason of which
most English-speaking Canadians seem to-
tally unconscious. I would like to spell
this out.

Behind much of the thinking in English
Canada along national lines is the old
Anglo-American concept of "unity," and
the historical Anglo-American manner of
achieving it. In the British Isles, national
unity was achieved by the all-but-absolute
triumph of English methods, values, edu-
cation and manners over Celtic ones. In
the United States, the old-line Anglo-
Saxons imposed, in so far as they could,
their own methods, manners and values
on the immigrants.

Though English-speaking Canadians in
theory deny any such idea in Canada, in
practice a good many of them behave as
though they assumed it was the only
method that would work. In no respect
do they reveal this unconscious assump-
tion more strongly than in their uncon-
scious attitude to the two official lan-
guages of the nation. Many of them
believe that if French is printed on the
dollar bills it is a "concession" to the
French-Canadians. Not long ago I heard
an Ontario resident say of a French-Can-
adian: "He's a wonderful fellow. He thinks
just the way we do."

This idea of unity is intolerable to Que-
bec, for if carried far enough it means
assimilation and the disappearance of
French Canada as an historical entity.
When French-Canadians smell this atti-
tude in their English-speaking compatriots,

they feel just as I do when an American
tells me, as quite a few have done re-
cently: "Join the States and all your wor-
ries will be over."

Now at last the silent revolution in
Quebec has received a concrete political
expression. Speaking last spring, Premier
Lesage declared that the main purpose of
his administration is "to reintegrate Que-
bec into Confederation." And by this he
meant something specific which every
French-Canadian understood. He meant
that the time has come when French-
Canadian culture must have its place in
the Canadian sun, and (by winning that
place through sheer merit) create a situa-
tion in which English Canada will at last,
in fact no less than in theory, accept the
French-Canadian concept of Canada as a
nation which is not a unity as European
nationalists understand the word, but the
political home of two separate but friendly
societies.

Lesage went on to speak of a "global
policy" for the spreading of the economic,

PARADE

With honors

A rather short woman summer student
at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont.,
came to write a three-hour examination
in Grant Hall, and politely asked if
she could have a rather short chair
that would permit her to rest her feet
on the floor. The kindly presiding pro-



fessor produced a beautiful little
straight-backed chair from the stage
up front, declaring, "This should help.
Queen Mary actually sat on this when
she visited Kingston years ago." Look-
ing very impressed, the summer student
asked, "Did she pass her exam?"

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social and cultural values of French Can-
ada. He described Quebec as the protec-
tor of French culture wherever it may be
found in the land. He declared that co-
ordinated action by the state is now es-
sential to meet the needs of the present
day. In the economic sphere he promised
that, as soon as present contracts with the
outside corporations expire, his govern-
ment will draw new ones securing to the
Quebec people a better return on the use
of their natural resources. He concluded:
"We will never permit, if humanly pos-
sible, the disappointment of this immense
hope raised in French-Canadians."

Some English-speaking Canadians, I
suppose, will regard this declaration with
distaste if not with open alarm. If so,
they waste their emotions. There is not
the slightest hostility to English Canada
in Lesage. A short while ago he was an
excellent minister for northern affairs in
the federal government. He has no wish
that Quebec should dominate Canada, as
the old nationalists once hoped. He merely
wishes that the French Fact, reborn with
modern education, should realize itself
fully within Confederation.

To speak personally, I can only rejoice
at the course Quebec's rebirth seems likely
to take. If it succeeds, it will abolish the
feeling of inferiority which has been at

the root of the French-Canadian malaise
ever since the conquest. But Quebec still
has a long, hard course to run before her
dreams are a total reality, nor at present
is it at all certain that the majority of the
Acadians in the Maritime provinces would
accept Quebec's image of herself as their
leader. The future alone will determine
whether the aims of Quebec's silent revolu-
tion are congenial to all the French-
speaking Canadians of the other provinces.

Yet surely it is the duty of us English-
speaking Canadians to help Quebec to re-
alize her aims, and to help ourselves by
so doing. There are quite a few little
symbolic items on the agenda which
should have been attended to long ago.
What are they? One very simple gesture
would be to make the cheques of all our
national banks bilingual. Another would
be to apply this same principle to all pro-
grams for concerts and conferences which
French-Canadians attend. A third would
be to make the road signs of all the
provinces bilingual just as they are in
Quebec. If we become exasperated when
American tourists inform us that they
can't tell one side of the border from the
other, this would seem a simple method
of pointing out one very vital difference
between Canada and her neighbors.

More important than this—providing
we are mature enough to accept that Can-
ada can succeed only as a country with
two cultures—the French-Canadians in the
other provinces should be allowed French
language schools just as the English-
speaking minority is allowed English lan-
guage schools in Quebec. Last of all, our
own English language schools should do
something drastic to improve the teaching
of French. It is probably an idle dream
to expect that people in British Columbia
and Toronto will ever speak French as
the educated French-Canadians speak En-
glish. The necessity to master the other
language is not so great and, besides, it
is more difficult for us to speak French,
and above all to *hear* French, than it is
for them to speak and hear English. But
French is not a difficult language to read,
and at present our command of it is so
feeble that I'd bet my limited bankroll
that there are quite a few editors in
English-speaking Canada unable even to
read the editorials in *Le Devoir*.

If we do even some of these things (and
we should try to do all of them) we will
be making an extremely cheap investment
in the nation's future. Since we know
that Canada can thrive only if each of
the two solitudes is at ease with the other
and has confidence in the other, why not
make public declarations that the old idea
of unity through assimilation is discarded?
It costs little to be gracious in a case
when graciousness is merely another word
for logical common sense.

At the moment—and this is inevitable—
Quebec is intensely self-centred, and
French-Canadian intellectuals seem less
interested in English Canada than ever be-
fore. But this is only because, as they
themselves admit, their own problems are
so absorbing.

"Don't worry, monsieur," a French-Can-
adian barber whom I have known for
years said to me only last week, "Twenty-
five years from now, this is going to be
the happiest country in the world. Once
we've got our self-respect, we'll be as
proud to belong to the whole of Canada
as you'll be proud of us."

That is why I think that Quebec, by
setting out to heal wounds which many
French-Canadians admit were self-inflic-
ted, by taking her future into her own
hands regardless (on the surface) of the
rest of her compatriots, quite possibly
holds in those hands the key to Canada's
survival as a nation valuable to man-
kind. ★



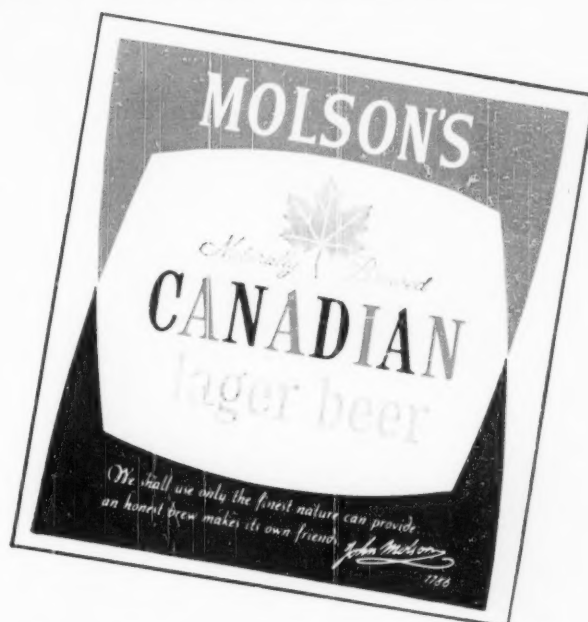
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BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS *continued from page 18*

Blood from one donor caused headache, nausea, vomiting and pain in five out of six patients

incompatible blood is introduced into the blood stream, it can lead to a violent physical reaction, perhaps to death. To overcome this danger, a system of cross-matching has been developed. At the turn of the century, it became known that there were four principal blood groups — A, B, AB and O. It was assumed to be safe for people within these groups to exchange blood although unaccountable fatalities continued to occur. The chemistry of the blood is much more complex than this early classification assumed. Two additional blood groups, M and N, were later discovered and, in 1940, the Rh factor was identified.

The search for compatible blood and the problem of cross-matching has become more intricate with each fresh discovery. Dr. Brian Moore, director of the National Laboratory of the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service, says, "The known blood group antigens (i.e. factors which produce a reaction) give rise to more than 3 million phenotypes." Recently, one medical writer stated that "every individual — as in the case of fingerprints — has his own unique, individual type of blood and since no two people are exactly alike, you can't, with impunity, transfuse blood no matter how carefully the matching is done."

When foreign blood plasma is transfused into the body some of the immediate symptoms often observed are hives, chills and fever. But more alarming are the possible long term reactions. A few years ago, Dr. Robert Chown of Winnipeg, wrote a series of articles for the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, one of which was sharply headed, *Transfusion of Girls and Women Can Kill their Babies*. He listed a number of cases of women who had either lost their children or had suffered serious difficulty because of an incompatible Rh factor which had been introduced into their blood by transfusion. In some cases, the trouble took place as long as thirty years after the transfusion.

Another Winnipeg physician, Dr. Rhinehart Friesen, carefully studied the records of women who had been patients in three local hospitals. They had each received treatment after the loss of a stillborn child through induced or spontaneous abortion. The purpose of the study was to determine how many women had received blood transfusions. "It was surprising to find such a tremendous variation," said Dr. Friesen. One hospital gave transfusions to only 12 percent of the women; the other two hospitals to 27 and 34 percent, respectively. Since treatment results in all three hospitals were equally successful, Dr. Friesen concluded, "blood was given too frequently at two of the hospitals." He deplored this overuse of blood because of the danger of sensitizing the women to the Rh factor which, in turn, might affect their future offspring. "In our efforts to help our patient recover from an unsuccessful pregnancy we may completely destroy her chances of bearing a viable child in the future."

We still don't know the full extent to which blood spreads disease. It has been definitely established that transfusions transmit the virus disease, hepatitis. Despite the careful screening of donors, it has been estimated that the virus hepatitis is present in one of every 200 bottles of blood. "No method has been found to eliminate the hazards of hepatitis following the use of blood," says Dr. Robert Unger in the *New York State Journal of*

Medicine. "While the majority of patients will recover within four months, an appreciable number will develop complications. The prevention of hepatitis remains an unsolved problem."

What other diseases can be spread by blood? Malaria, measles, venereal diseases, typhus, mononucleosis, smallpox and encephalitis are listed in the medical literature. Dr. A. J. Shadman, a Massachusetts physician speculates, "If one is headed for diabetes, cancer or insanity, whatever eventually produce these diseases are in the blood first and remain there." Recent medical studies lend some weight to this view. In the United States, a group of prison volunteers were transfused with the blood of schizophrenics. The volunteers soon after, for a temporary period, displayed symptoms of mental illness. At the last International Congress on Genetics, held

PARADE

That's where the Saults are

A Parade reader in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., reports that a letter his wife received from her aunt in New Brunswick took five days in transit, or about two days longer than usual. He wonders,



sympathetically, what postal employee spent two days blankly staring at the envelope addressed to "Zoo, Ont." before finally figuring it out.

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in Montreal, a paper was presented which established that a relationship exists between a person's blood group and the kinds of diseases to which he is predisposed. Blood group A was 25 percent more likely to have stomach cancer than B, AB or O; there was a strong association between peptic ulcer and group O; there was a marked association between pernicious anemia and group A.

Although the spread of disease by blood transfusions can be sharply reduced by careful history-taking and physical examination of the donor, not all risks can be eliminated. A report in the *American Medical Journal* by Dr. D. M. Donahue and his colleagues, tells how five out of six people who had received blood from the same donor — an apparently healthy man — contracted an unidentified disease. It was characterized by headache, fever, nausea and vomiting. Painful symptoms in the joints developed one to five weeks later. "The transmissible agent was believed to be a virus," says Dr. Donahue. "Because this agent survives under blood-banking conditions, and because it may be present in the blood of a healthy donor, it represents another potential hazard in the transfusion of blood."

Allergies, one of the greatest current problems in the health field, may be further aggravated by the indiscriminate

use of blood. At the last Canadian Medical Association convention held in Montreal a few months ago, Dr. S. O. Freeman, a local allergist, presented proof that allergies can be transferred by transfusions. A non-allergic person, after receiving blood from a donor who is allergic to hay fever or other antigens, runs the risk of "catching" his donor's allergies. Dr. Jacques Léger, another Montreal physician, suggested to the convention that in future, prospective blood donors should be asked if they suffer from hay fever and, if they do, should be rejected.

Considering the multitude of known and unknown hazards, one would expect doctors to be cautious and conservative in the use of blood. Unfortunately, such is not the case.

Too many transfusions are ordered for cosmetic reasons only. A doctor will walk through a hospital ward and casually order a "shot of blood" for a patient who appears to be a little pale, perhaps from the exertion of his first post-operative bowel movement, or for some equally trivial reason. The cosmetic transfusion almost always consists of a single dose of blood. Single transfusions have been repeatedly condemned. "If a patient 'needs' only one bottle of blood, he doesn't need any," says Dr. Paul Weil, head of the blood transfusion service of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. "He needs either more than one or none. One bottle is too little to influence the outcome in the average adult."

Too many transfusions are given as a matter of routine. Under such conditions, the individual need of the patient tends to be overlooked. In one U.S. cancer service, a hemoglobin level test is conducted on every patient, every week. Those who are 32% below normal receive one unit

of blood; those 36 percent below, two units of blood. "A stenographer types out the original request for the laboratory test," says Dr. W. H. Crosby, an American blood specialist, "and, if the patient flunks the hemoglobin test, she routinely types out a transfusion request. This is a flagrant example of 'the secretarial practice of medicine.'" It's a safe bet, based on past studies, that the majority of transfusions thus ordered are unnecessary.

Some hospitals watch the patient's hemoglobin level and pour blood into him the minute it dips a little under normal. The healthy adult will have about 15 grams of hemoglobin, but much of this is a reserve against strenuous exertion. For a sedentary life, 10 grams is enough; most bedfast patients are comfortable with as little as five or six.

Too much blood is used in surgery. The habit has arisen, in some places, of giving the patient a litre of blood the day before surgery. Dr. Crosby — as well as other authorities — score this practice. "A healthy adult can sustain the loss of one third of his blood without serious derangement," he says. "Recently, during the delivery of a child, a woman lost 700 millilitres of blood. It is reasonable to suppose that she could have sustained this loss without danger, without transfusion. However, she was given six transfusions. This seems unreasonable." This opinion is supported by the experiences of Drs. Max Minuck and Ronald Lambie of the St. Boniface Hospital in Manitoba, with patients who belonged to Jehovah's Witnesses — a sect which spurns the use of blood. A 29-year-old woman who had a breast tumor removed, lost 600 millilitres of blood and her hemoglobin dropped to 30 percent of normal. Yet she staged an uneventful recovery in two weeks. Instead of blood,



Jehovah's Witnesses are transfused with glucose and saline solutions, a useful procedure which could be followed by other practitioners in many circumstances. It was a Scottish physician, Dr. Frank Rigall, who recently observed: "I'm always amazed to see blood given for ordinary operations. It seems quite all right to take a pint of blood from a donor and let him walk home, but wrong to lose a little blood during ordinary surgery. In nearly 17,500 admissions to the general hospital where I practise, we have not found it necessary to use transfusions more than a dozen times. Our mortality rate compares favorably with those of other hospitals."

Blood is often administered when other forms of less hazardous therapy would be more appropriate. Anemia is a case in point. Most forms of anemia can best be treated by the use of iron, vitamin B 12, a high protein diet or amino acid infusions

given intravenously. Again, giving blood to a man with a malignant disease may perk him up but he's being deprived of the treatment he really needs. Prescribing blood under these circumstances, according to Dr. Virgil Loeb of the Missouri State Medical Association, "adds up to superficial and improper medical care. Furthermore, the blood transfusion masks the real disease and often delays or makes accurate diagnosis impossible."

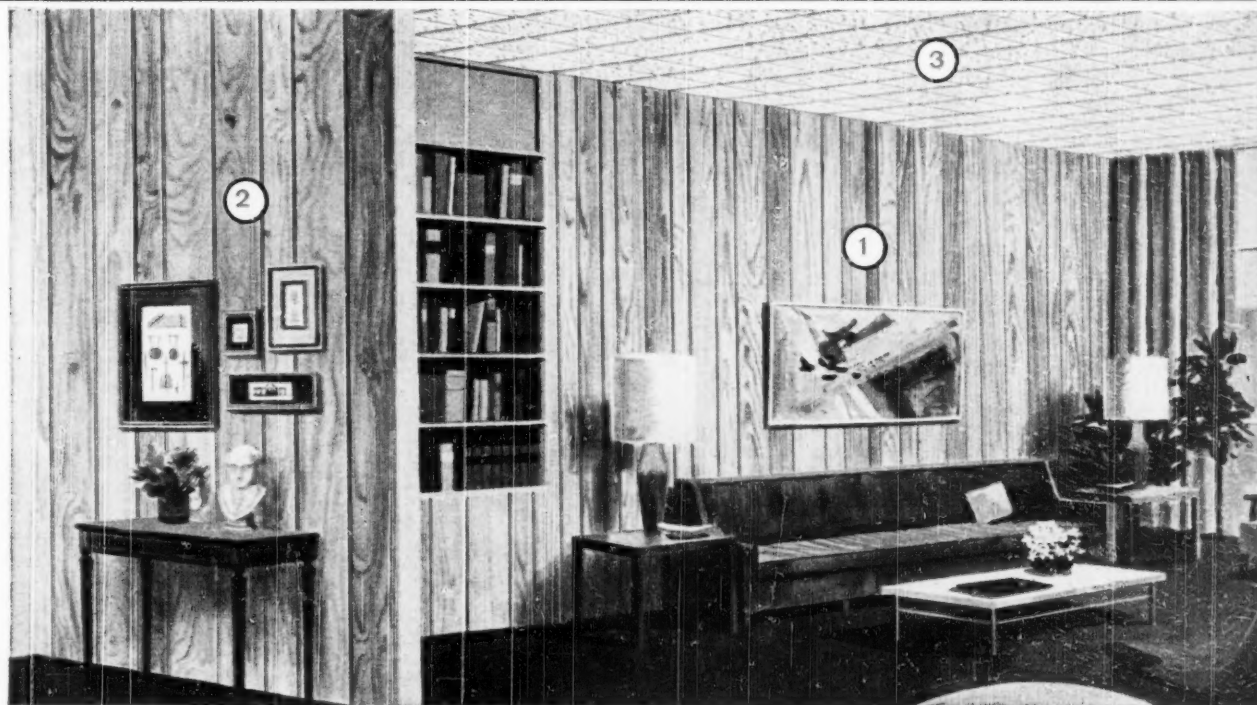
The extent to which blood transfusions are wrongly prescribed was revealed by a report to the Michigan State Medical Society by Drs. William Umiker and Paul Hodgson of Ann Arbor. A review was made of 100 consecutive patients who received single transfusions, with the following results:

Ten of the patients (they were non-surgical cases) were given single transfusions for the treatment of severe anemia, resulting chiefly from widespread cancer or infections of the urinary tract. Most of these transfusions didn't alter the anemia appreciably and "probably should not have been given or should have been supplemented with additional transfusions."

The remaining ninety patients (surgical cases) were given a single transfusion in connection with their operations. The Michigan doctors discovered that "in 38 percent of these cases there was no convincing indication for transfusion; and in 33 percent, insufficient blood was used."

Despite the hazards involved, blood transfusion remains a unique medical tool and should not be abandoned. But, after fifty years of experience, our most conscientious and thoughtful physicians are urging caution and restraint in the use of transfusions, so that a bottle of blood will continue to be a lifesaver, not "a loaded revolver." ★

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The horrified committee found a farmer's chicken coop lined with gravestones of Ontario Loyalists

"There is no distinctiveness in being a Canadian unless we preserve the essence of what our ancestors gave us," contends Major Frederick Branscombe, a Maritime member who recently transferred his allegiance to Upper Canada.

Loyalists aren't always clear on just how such traditions can be preserved. But when they do decide to take a stand, nothing short of an earthquake will budge them.

Take the case of the Toronto transport authorities and Fort York. For fifty-five years transport officials have been trying to route tramlines and roadways through the site of the old fort and the War of 1812 burial grounds on Toronto's western lake shore. Whenever they have announced their intention, the Loyalists, sometimes in company with other historical groups, have raised such a fuss that the officials have eventually retreated, properly squealed. Streetcars and roads continue to go around Toronto's historic mile.

During the fight two years ago over plans to drive the Gardiner Expressway through the Fort York grounds, Frederick Gardiner, chairman of the Metropolitan Toronto administration, became so annoyed with his adversaries that he dubbed them the Hysterical Societies. But this didn't daunt them in the slightest. Headed by Loyalist Gordon Clarry, a Toronto insurance man who feels strongly about historic sites, members of a committee to save the fort mailed pamphlets to every historical group and federal and provincial parliamentarian in the country. Digging back into the original deed they found the land had been sold to Toronto by the Crown with the stipulation that it be preserved as a park and historic landmark.

"Once we convinced the Ontario Municipal Board that the proposed route was a violation of the original deed, Metro backed down," Clarry reports proudly. "After a 16-month siege, we won the Second Battle of Fort York."

Since named honorary president of the Toronto Loyalist Association in recognition of his victory, Clarry is preparing for what promises to be another major campaign—the fight to preserve the Stoney Creek monument, which marks the scene of a notable battle near Hamilton during the War of 1812. The enemy here is the federal government, which is unwilling to pay \$75,000 for an adjoining seventeen-acre property whose owner has been offered \$85,000 for it by a private builder.

"People in charge of things these days put no value on tradition," complains Clarry. "If Loyalists don't make an effort to preserve what's left of our history, no one else will."

The association tries to whet interest by giving small scholarships to Toronto high school students who have shone in history, and awarding a yearly prize, through the University of British Columbia, for an essay on a topic "primarily of Loyalist tenor." New Canadian citizens are frequently entertained by the Loyalists, and given a dose of Canadiana at the same time. ("What else is there for a new citizen to be loyal to?" asks Clarry.)

Backed by their fellow Loyalists, the Mohawk Indians of the Six Nations Reserve, the association last year asked the federal government to bring out a stamp to honor the centenary of the birth of the Indian poet Pauline Johnson, a Mohawk and a Loyalist. The government agreed, and the stamp was issued this year.

Many Loyalists admit they join the association mainly for the social life, and the headquarters building is one of the busiest

houses on Toronto's Prince Arthur Avenue. But what a true Loyalist really likes is dredging up the past. Arguments are endless on whether the original Loyalists were largely illiterate (as some historians claim, since the Loyalists left few records) or the cream of colonial society. Most descendants, not surprisingly, hold to the latter view.

Could Loyalist regiments, given better leadership, have won the war for the colonies? A Loyalist ex-soldier will give you a detailed rundown on any one of a dozen theories of manoeuvre that might have accomplished it. Members still wear the Loyalist badge bearing the monogram of George III and enjoy putting the initials UE, standing for Unity of the Empire, after their names. (UEL is considered *de trop* in good Loyalist circles.) There are even rumors that some Loyalists refuse to accept mail that doesn't include UE after the name, but this is officially disclaimed.

"We generally put UE only on organization mail and letters to each other," one Loyalist explained. "To outsiders, we feel it would be rather putting on the dog."

Six years ago the association learned that an old Loyalist graveyard at Adolphustown, in Ontario's Bay of Quinte area, had fallen into neglect. Members quickly raised \$16,000—about half was donated by the late Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin of Oshawa, a staunch Loyalist—and hired a landscape architect to redesign the plot. Horrified when they discovered a neighboring farmer had made a floor for his

chicken coop with some of the original headstones, the Loyalist committee tore up the floor and set the stones in a memorial wall with a plaque at one end of the cemetery. The activity revived interest among Loyalist descendants in the district. They formed a new branch which, at last report, was looking around for other old graveyards to put in order.

Many Loyalists, however, will tell you the organization isn't what it once was. During its heyday in the early years of the century membership rolls read like a Canadian Who's Who. The King was petitioned regularly, whenever Loyalists felt Canadian rights were being abrogated, and the Ontario government made a yearly grant to help the association publish its transactions.

The original Loyalist organization was formed in Boston at the outbreak of the American Revolution; it called itself the Loyalist Associates Desiring the Unity of the Empire. Their descendants formally reorganized 108 years later—first in New Brunswick, then in Quebec, Toronto and Nova Scotia. The movement quickly spread through Ontario and the west, to a total of fourteen active branches. Today there are seven—five in Ontario, the others in Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Loyalists wish they had more young members. ("People don't usually become interested until they are about fifty" they explain.) The association, however, seems in no imminent danger of dying out. About fifty people join the Toronto branch each

year, and membership elsewhere is firm. Last Christmas members mailed about 3,500 special Loyalist Christmas cards, including, as always, one to the Queen.

Today's active Loyalist, at least five generations removed from his original ancestor, is likely to be middle-aged, talkative, conservative, keen on history, Protestant (although Catholic members are not unknown), earning his living in a small business or a profession, and utterly convinced that he and his associates are the backbone of the country.

He may be an old soldier. Loyalists have run in the military ever since the revolution. They are proud of their long honor rolls from both world wars, and of the achievements of such Loyalist descendants as Vice-Admiral Percy Nelles, Canada's chief of naval staff during World War II, and Lieut.-Col. C. C. I. Merritt, first Canadian to win the VC in that war.

At least one lieutenant-governor—Saskatchewan's Frank L. Bastedo—is a Loyalist. Premier Duff Roblin of Manitoba is an association member. So is Roland Michener, Speaker of the House of Commons. Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough was once dominion secretary of the association.

For individual ruggedness, it would be hard to beat Mrs. Cawthra Elliott, one of the few Loyalists still living on her original land grant. Now in her nineties, she can still outtalk anyone on family history, the Loyalists in general, or most other subjects you'd care to bring up. The late Macaulay Pope, an active member for nearly sixty years, amassed a valuable library of Loyalist literature before his death last year. Major J. B. Farley, of Belleville, followed the example of many other Loyalists and kept his membership for years though he hadn't a hope of attending a meeting since he lived in Kenya.

Any Loyalist will give you a verbal run for your money on why the Union Jack should be kept in the Canadian flag, and God Save the Queen sung as the national anthem. They take strong exception to such organizations as the Native Sons of Canada, who say the Red Ensign is a symbol of colonial status.

"This is nonsense," says H. S. Honsberger, QC, Loyalist spokesman where legal matters are concerned. "The Union Jack and the ensign are part of our heritage. Flying them has nothing to do with political status. We can be as independent as we like, yet still pay tribute to our British origins."

(The Loyalists are inclined to sniff slightly at the Native Sons anyway, since one need only be a first-generation Canadian to join.)

The Loyalists' association wouldn't think of starting a meeting without bearing in the Union Jack and singing God Save the Queen. (Between meetings, the flag has been kept under lock and key at Loyalist headquarters ever since some pranksters stole the association's last Union Jack.)

Although their origins were strongly Tory, Loyalists today claim they have no political ties. "We're inclined to support the old-line parties, but we haven't any special influence with the present government at Ottawa," says Honsberger. "After all, lots of good Liberals are Loyalists too." But to make sure the association doesn't turn into a political debating club, politics is banned as a discussion topic at meetings.

This doesn't mean that Loyalists forget the almost unspeakable hardships faced by their ancestors because of their politics. The original Loyalists lost not only the

50,000 to 60,000 Loyalists crossed to Canada



C. W. Jefferys Imperial Oil Collection

Sketches by C. W. Jefferys—a noted historical artist—include scene of Loyalist campers.

revolutionary war but, once the dust of battle had cleared, most of their rights as citizens in America as well.

Their property was confiscated. They were denied hearings in court, and forbidden to buy or transfer land, practise law, or hold responsible positions. Nor did they escape being tarred and feathered, dragged through horse ponds, or carried about town with the word Tory, the most derogatory term in rebel vocabulary, stamped across their chests.

As they fled north to Canada, political hardships were replaced by physical ones. Many died of malnutrition or exposure during the first few winters. One estimate puts the number of those who died at between fifty and seventy-five percent of the adult population at the Adolphustown settlement during the first winter. (The historian adds that most of the others "lived to a great age," implying that anyone who could survive a Canadian winter could survive almost anything.)

In the twenty-three years following the outbreak of revolution in the American

PARADE

Sunk without launching

We understand the atomic physicists hired to tend the great reactor at Deep River, Ont., must be calm, cool, nerveless types who never panic if anything goes wrong, but it still does them good to get away from the strain of the job. One of them recently planned a short fishing trip, and he'd just strapped his aluminum boat to the top of his car when his wife suggested they first do the family shopping. Obliging, he drove her on this mission, and returning home he forgetfully drove into the garage. There was a great crunching noise. Imagining the boat above to be completely squashed, he quickly backed out again. Then there was another horrid crunching as the boat, which had actually been knocked off the car with little damage, was ground under the wheels. It was at this point that he decided to go back to the relaxing routine of running the giant reactor.

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colonies an estimated 50,000 to 60,000 Loyalists settled in Canada. They upset the preponderance of French-speaking settlers and brought the population into something like equal balance between English and French, Protestant and Catholic. This led the British to replace the governing Quebec Act, which had guaranteed French Catholic rights, with the Constitutional Act of 1791. It divided the territory west of the Maritimes into Lower and Upper Canada, each with its own lieutenant-governor and council and, for the first time, an elected assembly.

During the first twelve years of Loyalist settlement the British authorities gave out more than 3,000,000 acres in free land, and \$9,000,000 in tools, materials and food rations, and paid an estimated \$19,000,000 in claims to compensate for lost American property. Loyalists feel the government was amply repaid. By the time the War of 1812 broke out, Loyalist families made up nearly half the population of Upper Canada. They leapt to the defense of Britain, and have taken credit ever since — probably rightly — for saving Canada for the Crown.

Genealogists figure that today each original Loyalist has from a hundred to five hundred descendants. As the number grows, ancestry becomes increasingly hard to prove.

"This isn't surprising," explains Mrs.



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Ross Gilassford, the Toronto branch genealogist. "The original Loyalist lists are incomplete, and as time goes on what records we have are apt to become lost, and descendants who might be able to supply family information scatter and can't be located. Unless a person can give me his family history for at least three generations, I can't hope to trace him back to a Loyalist."

But the association insists on this tracking before giving out a membership. Being married to a Loyalist isn't good enough. Spouses don't get beyond associate membership unless they are Loyalists in their own right. "After all," says Miss D. M. Christie, a long-time Loyalist adherent, "we're not like the RCMP, where just anybody can join."

During the last ten years Mrs. Gilassford estimates she has written 3,000 letters and spent about 8,000 hours processing applications of about 300 would-be Loyal-

ists. This involves delving into old Loyalist lists in the provincial archives, searching deeds to land believed originally held by Loyalists, ferreting out parish baptismal records of 100 to 150 years ago, and even checking Tory "black lists" still kept in the records offices of many U.S. cities. When all this turns up no proof (or, worse, shows that an applicant's ancestors arrived after the main wave of Loyalists), the hopeful applicant is bitterly disappointed.

"I still flinch from having to tell people they can't join," says Mrs. Gilassford. "But we must have some standards. We set 1798 as the latest possible Loyalist arrival date. Any who came later came for reasons other than loyalty to the Crown."

Other Loyalist groups are even more strict about whom they will consider as members. The Governor Simcoe branch in Toronto claims that any settler who crossed the Canadian border after 1790 was merely cashing in on benefits won by

the real Loyalists earlier, and refuses membership to all whose ancestors came north later. The Simcoe and Toronto branch executives haven't spoken to each other for years.

But being a Loyalist these days usually brings more pleasure than pain. Branches faithfully mark anniversaries of such events as the first Loyalist landing in Canada (May 18), and the Battle of Queenston Heights (October 13), with dinners, luncheons, church parades and receptions. No Loyalist in good standing would dream of missing the annual June picnic, held in honor of the founding of the first Loyalist settlement in Upper Canada. Some cynics, however, claim a good many Loyalists go to the picnic without knowing what they're commemorating.

Speakers are invited to branch meetings to talk on everything from colonial architecture in Canada to the political situation in West Africa. "We like to keep a broad

viewpoint," a branch president explained.

Although a good many Loyalists may agree basically with the stand taken by aspiring politician Baker, there are signs of a dent in their formerly impenetrable armor against most things American. When the redoubtable Daughters of the American Revolution (a mere upstart organization in the Loyalist view) held a national convention in Boston four years ago, they declared a Loyalist Week and invited Canadian Loyalists.

"Several of our members went down and say they had a fine time," reports Loyalist house secretary Ethel Ross.

Will the Loyalists respond with a Revolutionary Week in Canada?

Miss Ross tartly replies, "I very much doubt it."

The Loyalists may not go so far as to vote for candidates like Norman Baker (as it turned out, he withdrew) but they have their pride. ★

ROLL CALL OF THE WAR-MINDED AMERICAN RIGHT *continued from page 11*

Barry Goldwater: liberals see him as a primitive fanatic; conservatives hail him as a true prophet

water and have "1964" in the lower left-hand corner, the assertion by National Republican Chairman William Miller that the GOP may pick "a Rockefeller Goldwater ticket or vice versa" for the 1964 election, and the long, loud applause that marks Goldwater's public appearances—applause that, at a recent \$100-a-plate Republican dinner in Washington, was longer and louder than that which greeted ex-President Eisenhower. Meanwhile, although the hard-covered edition of *The Consensus of a Conservative*, priced at \$3 and wrapped in a red, white and blue vinyl-and-nylon jacket, has finally slipped from the New York Times' list of best-selling non-fiction, a fifty-cent pocketbook edition is selling as briskly as beer in a summer heat wave. The pocketbook cover is also red, white and blue. Goldwater, tall, distinguished and as a rule meticulously dressed in clothes as conservative as his philosophy, has lately entered the Senate chamber, at several occasions wearing a red necktie, white collar and blue shirt. It's rumored that this will be his campaign regalia and there are long-in-the-tooth suggestions that his slogan will be "Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

He's a curious phenomenon, this man Goldwater. He preaches, in this sophisticated and complex age, in which humans have assumed interstellar space, that the U.S. must not only be able to lick the Communists, but be willing to prove it, and must preserve social values and governmental theories abandoned as obsolete decades ago. He champions policies that have doomed politicians who cling to them after voters and conditions changed. Yet, a liberal of both the Republican and the Democratic party like him to a primitive fanatic, who refuses to believe that this world is sound, that are millions who hail him as a prophet. He thinks, and he is right, that these people are from all classes, rich, poor, and young urban, rural, literate, illiterate. Their common bond is that they are isolationists, and suspicious of foreigners and foreign entanglements.

It is little, it is true, to negotiate with Khrushchev. Khrushchev can't be made to abide by a treaty and is determined to conquer the world and destroy the American way of life. It is this fear, it is Khrushchev's intentions that explains why, more than other Americans, the right-wingers urge their government to go to the edge of war, and over the edge if it has to, rather than bargain with Khrushchev.

Goldwater tells his countrymen that the

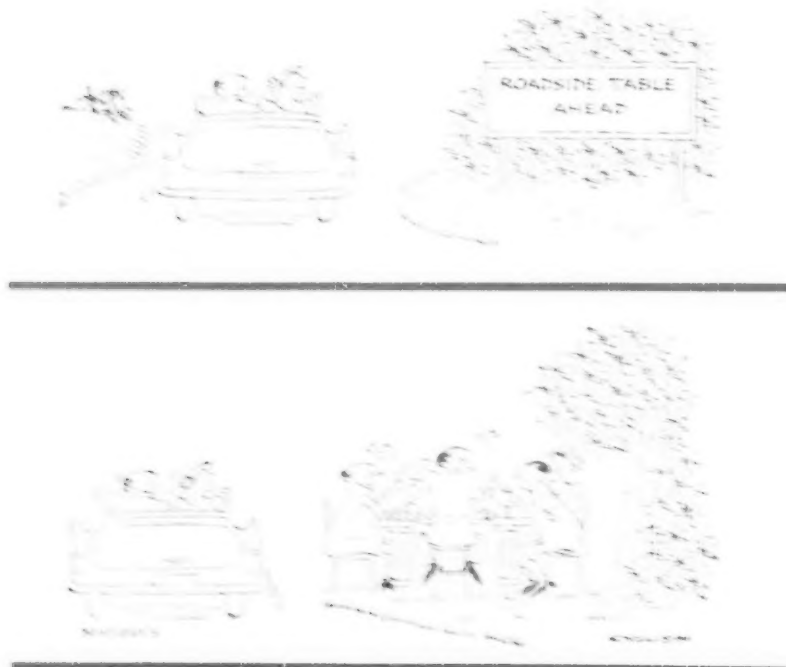
cornerstone of U.S. foreign policy must be that Americans would prefer death to the loss of freedom. A right-wing colleague, Senator Styles Bridges, adds, "It is time we stopped permitting Russia to assume that we will never act until she strikes the first blow." There's a footnote from the American Council of Christian Churches, a right-wing body not to be confused with the National Council of the Churches of Christ: "There is a solemn responsibility resting upon the free world if necessary to use atomic weapons first. It is just that people committed to an antiskid system of the darkest tyranny be the victims of their own folly."

Goldwater accurately reflects the sentiments of most right-wingers when he cries that the United Nations is a Russian plot and that its secretariat is staffed by Communist agents. "Take the United Nations out of the United States and the United States out of the United Nations," shouts the Congress of Freedom. Like other right-wing conclaves, the Congress of Freedom speaks of the UN as "the hideous glass house this Hiss built"—a reference both to the modern architecture of the UN

building in New York and to Alger Hiss, the U.S. state department aide who participated in the conferences that resulted in the UN and who later was accused by an ex-Communist, the late Whittaker Chambers, of being a Communist spy.

Goldwater blasts foreign aid as vigorously as he blasts the UN, and insists that diplomatic relations with Russia should be severed. In this he conforms exactly with the blueprint of a right-winger drawn by Dr. Ralph Ellsworth and Dr. Sarah Harris in *The American Right Wing*, a scholarly study of conservatism published by the University of Illinois Graduate School of Library Science. He also conforms in other ways.

"On the left," Ellsworth and Harris write, "there is often a feeling that the government of the U.S.S.R. dictatorship though it is, represents the Russian people and is preferred by them to the czarist regime that preceded it. Rightists, on the other hand, feel that any association with the Soviet government is appeasement and a betrayal of the Russian people, who are thought to be held in bondage by a little band of gangsters."



Says Goldwater: "It is high time that our leaders stopped treating the Russian people and the Soviet government as one and the same thing. The Russian people, we may safely assume, are basically on our side. Our entire approach to the cold war would change for the better the moment we announced that the United States does not regard Mr. Khrushchev's murderous clique as the legitimate rulers of the Russian people or of any other people."

Ellsworth and Harris state in *The American Right Wing* that the right has a long tradition of believing in an international conspiracy of unscrupulous men or nations to destroy civilization. Goldwater has repeatedly warned that "we are confronted by a revolutionary world movement that possesses . . . the will to dominate absolutely every square mile of the globe"—a movement with a "fifth column" that operates conspiratorially in the heart of our defenses.

This warning is currently being blared at Americans by more than 1,000 right-wing organizations that publish and distribute anti-Communist literature. Quite a proportion of these organizations have religious overtones and their periodicals tend to have names like *The Cross and the Flag*, *The Sword of the Lord*, and *Bible News Flashes*. Some are anti-Jewish as well as anti-Communist. Aryan Views and kindred publications cheered Admiral John G. Crommelin's unsuccessful campaign for the governorship of Alabama. Crommelin's platform held that the key to survival is a "thorough understanding of the Communist-Jewish conspiracy . . . to mix the blood of the white Christian people of the south with Negroes . . . destroy Christianity . . . set up a world government in the framework of the United Nations . . . and to eliminate all racial distinction except the so-called Jewish race, which will then become the masters of a slave-like world population of copper-colored mongrel humans."

The lunatic fringe of the right wing discerns conspiracy in the fluoridation of water to prevent tooth decay, Salk polio vaccine, mental health programs, Free Men Speak, the organ of the Golden Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, features items about George Indest, Jr., the "nationally known authority on fluoridation of water supplies," who says that the federal and state health services of the U.S. are riddled with Russian-borr doctors and dentists. These conspirators are fluoridating the water to sap American

strength and spirit and cause cancer. But, worse still, they are inoculating school children with Salk vaccine. In *Free Men Speak*, he admonishes parents to "keep their children away from polio shots" and adds: "The school children of today represent our army and navy ten years from now. If millions of them can be inoculated, let's say with a radio-active substance that will cause cancer in a few years, why ten years from now the Communists could walk in and take over our nation of old men."

Goldwater, whose own father was Jewish, has avoided the right-wing's Admiral Crommelins. He has also avoided the George Indests, although he did once read into the Congressional Record an article by a California journalist who was sure a mental hospital being built in Alaska was really a jail in which right-wingers would be imprisoned and brainwashed by left-wingers.

Goldwater has not shunned sixty-year-old Robert Welch, Harvard graduate, retired candy-maker, founder of the John Birch Society and author of *The Blue*

PARADE

Short-circuiting the scalpel

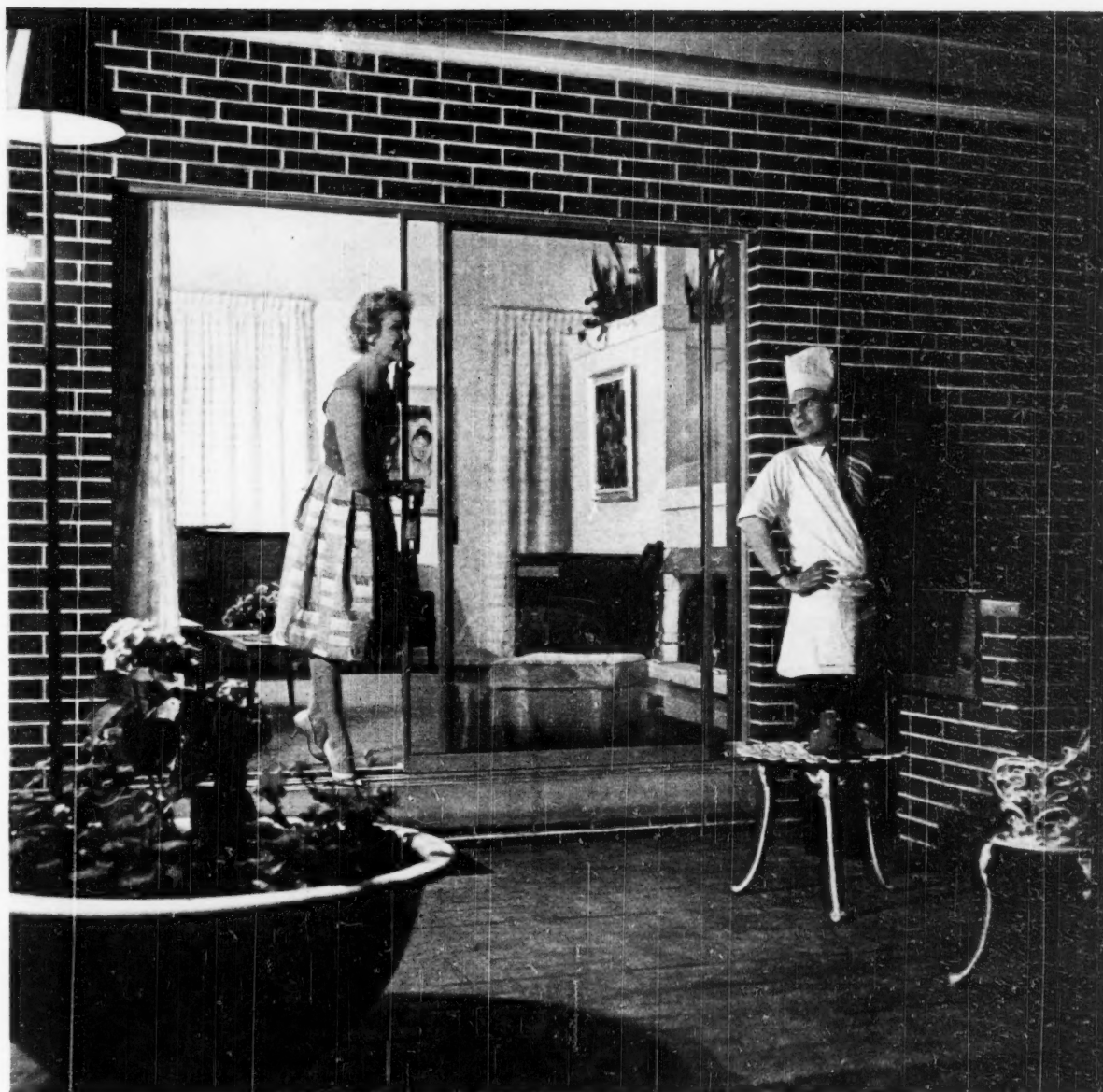
Many a fiction writer has exploited the dramatic possibilities of a power failure at the hospital with a patient already on the operating table, but none ever had the nerve to make things turn out the way they really did recently at Alert Bay, B.C. The patient jumped off the operating table, grabbed his pants and spurs, climbed a nearby pole and put out a fire in a transformer. When he finally had the town power on again, the district B.C. Hydro manager climbed back on the table to have his operation.

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Book, in which Welch professes a "firm belief that Dwight D. Eisenhower is a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." Welch says similar things about other leaders, the National Council of Churches, and, naturally, the United Nations. His John Birch Society, named for an American missionary supposed to have been killed by Chinese Communists in 1945, in the last few months has grabbed more headlines than all its right-wing rivals combined.

Among its directors are a former ambassador, two former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers, two congressmen, a former U.S. commissioner of internal revenue, a former personal aide to General Douglas MacArthur, a retired air force lieutenant-general, a former dean of Notre Dame Law School, and Revilo Pendleton Oliver, professor of classics at the University of Illinois, who said in April that there are, in the Kennedy administration, "weak-in-the-head personalities" who may be "acting in the interests of the Communist conspiracy," but that he had "no means of knowing whether President Kennedy is a Communist or not."

Goldwater, a friend of Welch, has said he's "impressed by the type of people" in the John Birch Society, and Boston's Cardinal Cushing has said: "I do not know any more dedicated anti-Communist in the country than Robert Welch." Other opinions of the society and its founder are less flattering. The distinguished editor and syndicated newspaper columnist, Ralph McGill, says the society is "as subversive as the most persistent Communist spy ring" and Congressman Henry S. Reuss, Democrat from Wisconsin, has compared



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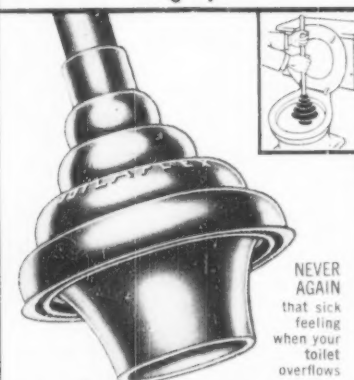
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sections of Welch's Blue Book with matching sections of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Senator Gale McGee has described the John Birchers as "twisted, distorted, sick people who seek to charge with conspiracy all those who differ with them." The senator evidently shares the Quaker view of right-wing extremists or "super-patriots," as set out in the *American Friends Service Bulletin*. This is that they try to rationalize psychotic fears by calling them "concern for country," and that they see a threat to the United States in the UN or UNESCO because these include strangers of different culture, language, religion, race. "But their fears, to cause such hysteria, must be related to something far more basic than flag and country," says the Friends Service Bulletin, concluding that the purest delusion of the paranoiac is that he has "hundreds of lurking secret enemies."

But for all the criticism heaped on them, the John Birchers devotedly tackle their self-appointed task of fighting Communism with Communist methods. They are busy compiling "the most complete and accurate files in America on Comsymps (Bircher talk for Communist sympathizers), Socialists and Liberals."

This fall they will faithfully obey Welch's injunction to move in on Parent-Teacher Associations and take over, and not to "let the dirty tactics of the opposition" deter them. They will continue the heavy stream of mail to congressmen demanding the impeachment of Chief Justice Warren for judgments they say favored Communists, and for the school desegregation order. They will continue to advocate, as Barry Goldwater does, a U.S. invasion of Cuba and U.S. withdrawal from the UN. They will continue to pay membership fees — \$24 a year for a man and \$12 for a woman. And they will continue to go up and down the U.S. arranging showings of Operation Abolition, which the Washington Post has called "forgery by film."

Operation Abolition purports to prove, with pictures, that students who demonstrated against the House Committee on un-American Activities when it held sittings in San Francisco in May, 1960, were Communists or Communist stooges. It was pieced together for the committee by a Washington firm from newsreels the committee had seized, and its message is that Communists are contaminating young Americans and that nobody but Communists wants the committee abolished. Critics say the film sequences have been edited and spliced in such a way that Operation Abolition is not a documentary but a deliberate misrepresentation, that the

spoken commentary by a member of the committee's staff is a mass of lies and exaggerations, and that the students are maliciously defamed. The John Birch Society asserts with pride that it has been responsible for more showings than any other sponsor of the 700 copies of the movie that are now in circulation.

While the Birchers are showing Operation Abolition, the Christian anti-Communist Crusaders will be showing Communism On The Map, produced by Dr. George Benson of Harding College in Arkansas. After being a missionary in China for a fundamentalist sect that eschews modern doctrines like Darwin's theory, Benson was appointed president of Harding College in 1936, when it was tiny and poor. His espousal of right-wing causes soon attracted the rewarding attention of rich conservatives, and his institution now has 1,000 students, an endowment fund of \$6,000,000, and a \$200,000-a-year "educational" budget for spreading right-wing gospel. He sends free material to 3,000 weekly newspapers and says 10,000,000 Americans have seen his technicolor Communism On The Map.

Both films have been used by the military brass to indoctrinate the troops, as well as by the Birchers and the Christian anti-Communist Crusaders to enlighten civilians. But the defense department hasn't permitted the armed forces to show them since Major-General Edwin A. Walker was relieved of his command at Bonn, Germany, for suggesting to his men that Communists had infiltrated practically every American institution and that the Birchers' accusations against prominent people in and out of government were well-founded. Walker got caught at it and disciplined, but he's one of many officers who have indoctrinated their charges too enthusiastically. Chairman J. William Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had his staff enquire and received a report on eleven cases of "education and propaganda activities of military personnel" in the last year. The report said: "These propaganda activities may well become important obstacles to public acceptance of the president's program and leadership, if they are not already . . . Running through all is a central theme that the primary, if not exclusive, danger to this country is internal Communist infiltration . . . The nature of the Communist threat often is developed by equating social legislation with socialism, and the latter with Communism . . . Much of the administration's domestic legislation . . . under this philosophy would be characterized as steps toward Communism . . . This

view of the Communist menace renders foreign aid, cultural exchanges, disarmament negotiations and other international programs as extremely wasteful if not actually subversive." The defense department's civilian bosses have been unhappy about the right-wing propagandists who wear uniforms ever since the storm blew up around General Walker. They are trying to stop them but right-wingers seem to be flourishing everywhere else.

Goldwater, as a case in point, is more eagerly sought as an after-dinner speaker than either of his two main competitors for the Republican presidential nomination, Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller. And Fred Schwarz, the immigrant founder of the Christian anti-Communist Crusade who landed in the U.S. from Europe with \$10 in his pocket, says the Crusade collected \$382,000 in 1960 and expects contributions of between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 this year. Bircher Welch refuses to disclose the take of his society, but if its membership is 60,000, which is said to be an extremely low estimate, it must collect around \$1,000,000 in fees alone. Welch is driving for 1,000,000 members, who, if half were men and half were women, would pay annual fees of \$18,000,000. Welch has other sources of revenue: an audience of 6,000 paid \$1 per head to attend one meeting at which he spoke.

Literally hundreds of other anti-Communist organizations, both big and little, have never had it so good. In their present temper, Americans are so receptive to the anti-Communist message that Dr. Frank Buchman's Moral Re-Armament movement is now condemning homosexuality less on moral grounds than because it is a weakness Communists have learned to exploit.

Student shot "red" professor

And at the universities of the U.S., students with right-wing views have come into their own for the first time since Franklin Delano Roosevelt replaced Herbert Hoover in the White House. For nearly thirty years such students had been ridiculed, scorned, written off as stuffed shirts. Young conservative students, in a weird reversal of the usual order, now clash with gray-haired liberal professors. In California one of them was so outraged by the liberal teachings of a "red" professor that he shot a gun at him, blowing off part of his jaw and killing a fellow student.

If the unfortunate incident didn't help college conservatism, neither does it seem to have hurt it. Goldwater is a campus idol. Unlike the late Senator Taft and other conservatives of the past, he appeals to the young, has none of the affected mannerisms of the demagogue, speaks grammatically in a well-modulated voice, and has the gift of always sounding sensible.

"Senator Goldwater," says Mike Uhlmann, president of Yale's Calliopean Society, "is bringing out a conservatism long latent in college. The liberals are now answering the conservatives, not the other way around. We have a respectability we lacked before."

In their new-found respectability, conservative students have joined Goldwater and other American right-wingers, in an onslaught not just on Communists but on big government, big taxes, big labor. Domestically, they are against federal spending for health, education and social welfare. They say welfare is the field of private charity.

With Goldwater, they are against federal efforts to desegregate schools and say these efforts violate state rights. They are also against federal aid to agriculture, federal laws that strengthen labor unions, federal income taxes that "put a premium

on brains and enterprise." These, they hold, are socialistic things, too close to Communism for comfort.

They are for a "balanced budget," a "sound dollar," and very much for congressional committees to investigate left-wingers. As Ralph Ellsworth and Sarah Harris note in *The American Right Wing*, the bitter denouement of McCarthyism, the epithets like "native fascist" and "hate-monger," did not, as the liberals hoped, shrivel the influence of Washington witch hunters: "Far from scotching the breed in its nest, the . . . campaign appears rather

to have brought converts to the right, and to have added a certain stature to those (the investigators) who persisted in doing their work in the face of it . . . McCarthy, once the leader, is now the honored martyr of the American Right Wing."

Goldwater, and his increasing millions of right-wingers, are for more defense spending and against disarmament. And, which concerns the rest of the world most, they want Uncle Sam to put a delicately balanced chip on his shoulder and challenge the U.S.S.R. and mainland China to "knock it off if you dare."

Can they persuade the Kennedy administration to adopt such an attitude? That's anybody's guess at the moment. But, as Ellsworth and Harris say: "Right-wingers keep in constant touch with their congressmen — write letters, send telegrams, mail reprints of articles, testify before committees, and are often quoted in the Congressional Record." The authors of *The American Right Wing* found in their exhaustive survey that this pressure has a telling impact on government, and that there is no comparable pressure from the political centre or left. ★



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"There is politics in everything — even in a pair of socks," an East German newspaperman told me

(The beer, by the way, cost fifteen cents Canadian at the official rate of exchange.) My meal cost nearly a dollar. I saw dubious gin on sale at three dollars. Near the Alexander Platz I strolled into a department store which reminded me of a co-op store in northern Saskatchewan — enameled stoves without elements, baby strollers, nails, print dresses, pots, pans and tools were piled everywhere with no attempt at attractive display. I watched a pert girl clerk ask an elderly woman for her papers before accepting her money for some purchases. This is the way the East German authorities check on West Berliners who might have bought East German marks at the outside exchange rate of four East marks to one West mark. West Berliners and foreigners must pay for all purchases, except theatre tickets, books and records, in western currency.

I bought a ball-point pen to engage the clerk in conversation. Was she a Communist? No, she answered without any embarrassment. What did she and her friends do for fun in the East Sector? They went sometimes to the West Sector to see the American movies. She played tennis. What did she know of Canada? Her reply baffled me until it dawned on me that she was giving me *sotto voce* a few bars of a tune made famous by The Four Lads. She was quite unconcerned by my question, and I wondered if a girl in a Saskatchewan co-op store would have done so well if quizzed by a German reporter in atrocious English.

A taxi driver, exasperated at the wheezing performance of his auto taking a corner on a grade, offered the opinion that the Moskvich was a no-good car. He wagged his hands to suggest top-heaviness. I asked him, out of the blue, if he liked the Chevy; he turned his head, eyes round, and signified approval with thumb and forefinger in an O.

A middle-aged husband and wife (she was the spokesman), waiting for an S-bahn train, told me they had had enough war and enough politics. Couldn't we foreigners just go home and leave them be? I got on the train behind a shapely girl with bleached hair and skin-tight slacks, but I didn't have the courage to speak to her. On the Stalin Allee a point-duty policeman got it across to me that he thought the architecture of this show-place street was lousy, but that it was the best they could do at the time when girder steel had been in very short supply.

The 17 million people of East Germany are served by nearly sixty newspapers, from the leading East Berlin daily *Neues Deutschland* to local small-town papers. Every one of them is a party paper, admittedly, so GDR spokesmen say there are five political parties active in the country, all of them members of the "democratic bloc" which is dominated by the Socialist Unity party (i.e. Communist). In western terms it's a one-party state. The *Neues Deutschland* is the major mouthpiece of that state. In the foreign news department at the *Neues* (it is housed in the former offices of Josef Goebbels' infamous *Völkischer Beobachter*) I met Lothar Killmer and his colleague Martin Kauders. Kauders, a mild bespectacled man, spent a year in two Canadian internment camps during the war. Killmer, who is head of the foreign news staff, is a fiery black-haired man. He turned out to be the only emotional doctrinaire Communist I met.

I had hoped not to waste time listening to the umpteenth restatement of basic East-bloc views but to get some glances of everyday life in Communist Germany.

Breaking into Killmer's party-line torrent, I said I'd prefer to talk more generally. "Impossible," he said. "For every intelligent man, there is politics in everything" — he glanced downward — "even in a pair of nylon socks. Since 1917 the world has moved into two positions, one of reality (he meant the Communist) and the other of wishful thinking." He clapped both hands to his eyes. "The Americans will not face the reality of a changing world. But sooner or later the play must come to an end."

Attempting to be helpful, Kauders told me that the GDR, officially recognized by the West or not, was now the fifth industrial power in Europe. The first four, by his reckoning, are Russia, West Germany, Britain and France. Without Marshall Plans and cut off from the traditional German industrial complexes lying to the west, the GDR had increased the industrial output of the territory threefold compared with the prewar year of 1936. Kauders also indicated it might have been a mistake for the GDR not to have prettied up the ruins on his side of the Brandenburg Gate, even though housing for the workers and the rebuilding of factories had to come first. As a traveled man, he said he realized the comparison between, say, West

Berlin's Broadway-like Kurfürstendamm and East Berlin's patched-up Friedrichstrasse struck every foreign visitor. But he cheered up — by 1965, when the seven-year plan ended, the whole Unter den Linden area, which was the core of the GDR capital, would be rebuilt. (I didn't see a single excavation on the area. Thistles still blow in the fields around the bunker where Hitler died.)

It seems possible that Khrushchov may have picked a bad year to push the GDR's claim to full sovereignty. In East Germany proper, that is outside the Soviet occupation zone of East Berlin, the farmers were organized into collective units last year and there are now widespread reports of actual food shortages in Leipzig and other cities. The *Neues Deutschland* reported one GDR spokesman as admitting "impossible and inexcusable" supply failures in some areas. Government edicts have ordered villagers into the fields on a round-the-clock basis. West Germans with families and friends in certain areas over the border are mailing regular food parcels. Two out of every three actually arrive, they say.

On both sides of the sector border, Britain is regarded as the western power most likely to change course in the face of the renewed Soviet pressure. In the present

almost feverish cordiality of West Berlin, no responsible German would use blunt terms about any of the occupying powers, but they are nervous about the word "negotiate" which crops up in most statements out of London. "Negotiate," to a West German means one thing only — gains by the Communists. "What is there to negotiate?" they ask. Recognition of the GDR would put East Germany irrevocably behind the Iron Curtain. What concessions are the Communists offering? Who could believe they'd live up to any guarantees they might offer for the integrity of a free West Berlin? Of course Khrushchov was for peace — his kind of peace.

These points were made to me by a group of chance-met West Berlin business and professional men at an expensive country club in the Grunewald. One man, the traveled and scholarly editor of a West Berlin daily, added with a rueful smile: "Perhaps all of the English don't see it so clearly. They've got special reasons for being fed up with the Germans. It's understandable that they'd like to get something settled."

German correspondents in London feed this nervousness by cabling back every scrap of anti-German comment, most of it published in the Beaverbrook papers. Official reassurances from Prime Minister Harold Macmillan don't seem to be given full weight. Last month Macmillan said: "It is quite clear that we and our allies cannot countenance interference with the allied rights in Berlin. This is an issue on which the peoples of the western world are resolute. It is a principle which they will defend." A few days after he spoke, his government stuck to its decision to allow German tank creys to train in Pembrokeshire against fierce opposition from the Labor benches and country-wide muttering. At the Foreign Office before I left for Germany I had been given an outline of British policy on Germany that differed in no essential point from the long-standing agreed western attitude — that is, in simplest terms, the acceptance of a stalemate under the present circumstances.

Outside Whitehall, though, some strong gusts of a wind of change can be felt. In a recent week three varied and responsible publications, *The Observer*, *The New Statesman*, and *The Sunday Times*, called for a reappraisal of western attitudes. The left-wing *New Statesman* advocated acceptance of Russian guarantees on West Berlin in exchange for recognition of the GDR. In a front-page editorial it asked: "Is there anyone in Europe, even among the harassed and discontented population of East Germany, who would not choose to wake up now rather than sleepwalk into nuclear war?" In the Conservative *Sunday Times* Emery Reves reintroduced the old idea of negotiating for a corridor twenty-five miles wide from West Germany to West Berlin as the price of recognition of the GDR. This idea was first published in the West Berlin daily *Der Tagesspiegel* three years ago as coming from Russian sources. (Moscow's *Izvestia* immediately denied any Soviet knowledge or approval of the proposal.) The London *Observer's* recent suggestion was that Britain, in its role as the most loyal friend of the United States, should counsel President Kennedy to reverse the current tide of public opinion in America and negotiate the recognition of the GDR in return for a Berlin settlement.

None of these papers would admit to appeasement thoughts. Rather, they would argue that they are simply being realistic — that the West Berlin-GDR situation



Intorlandi

MACLEAN'S

"Why can't we see Europe the way other people do?"

cannot remain in aspic for ever, and that we'd better make the best deal we can. Many Britons feel the West has been hopelessly outmaneuvered by Khrushchov's proposal that even half a peace treaty is better than none. The democratic image would be badly tarnished if we talk fight while the Communists talk peace.

In mid-July West Germany replied officially to Moscow's veiled ultimatum in mild terms that in no measure reflect the determination in Bonn and West Berlin to stand pat. Adenauer patiently repeated that only free elections in all Germany could lead to the establishment of a unified state with which the victorious allies could finally sign a proper peace treaty. A separate treaty with only one part of Germany would violate the right of self-determination of peoples, recognized as one of the basic principles of the United Nations Charter. The problem of the two Berlins could only be properly solved when the city could at last again become the capital

stands. Any concession, any backward step by the West, he will simply regard as evidence of the inevitable victory of vibrant Communism over decadent capitalism, and all the new nations in Africa and elsewhere who are watching every move in this crisis will get their cue for the future."

Did he think West Berlin would again be blockaded? "I don't think so," he said. "After all, they've failed at that game once already. They know we would simply re-institute the air lift, and that they'd have to bring down our planes to stop it, and

they would have to fire the first shot."

In East Berlin I had put the same kind of questions in meetings with government officials and when possible in casual conversations. Officially I was told with a certain smug satisfaction there would be no trouble; once the Russians handed over control to the GDR, the West would have no alternative but to co-operate if they wanted access to West Berlin. The GDR would be capable of settling any problems that might arise with the influence of its allies. I couldn't get a word on advance plans to handle any difficult physical prob-

lems. They really seemed to be convinced that this time they finally had it made.

In a cafe on the Kurfürstendamm in West Berlin one night I shared a table with a handsome polite young man who turned out to be a cosmetic salesman for a West German firm. His name is Klaus Sieler. He was born and educated in Chemnitz, now Karl Marx City, deep in East Germany. He was eight years old when the war ended. He is married to a Düsseldorf model, and they expect their first child at Christmas. His parents came out as refugees in 1948 and he was left

PARADE

They'll have to prove it

"There's an easier way to get extra cash," sang a loan company's ad in the Halifax Chronicle-Herald, above a cartoon of a pickpocket being caught in the act by a cop. But the make-up man spoiled it all by running a news story in the adjoining column about a pickpocket who grabbed a man's wallet, then fled from his pursuing victim into a nearby house, jumping out a second-story window and escaping with no more penalty than a slight limp.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

of a unified Germany. The West Germans were careful in their note to comment upon Russia's call for constructive counter-proposals; any proposals, they said, that had to be founded on the acceptance of the partition of Germany could not be constructive as they could never lead to lasting peace.

In West Berlin, and later in Bonn, I continually put the question: "Let's say the West doesn't budge an inch, but the Russians at least are going to sign with East Germany and the chances certainly are that the GDR will impose unacceptable conditions of its own on the access routes to West Berlin. What will most likely happen then, in physical terms?" One American plan given wide publicity in Europe was for a task force to blow a hole through to West Berlin for one test convoy, using conventional weapons. This would be intended as a no-nonsense demonstration that the West intends to maintain every comma of its legal rights in Berlin. It would also start a shooting war. But level-headed people over here are confident that President Kennedy, especially in view of the Cuban fiasco, will reject the go-for-broke urgings of American militarists.

In Bonn I talked with Ludwig von Hammerstein who, after eleven years in the department of all-German affairs, now leads a nongovernmental society that aims at bettering German relations with other nations. "Here is something concrete the West could do," he said. "We can tell Russia in advance, before she pulls East Germany right behind the Iron Curtain, that we'll consider her unilateral action as abrogating all the four-power agreements still in force. We can announce that we'll cut off every scrap of trade between the Communist bloc and the West — they need it a lot more than we do. That's the kind of negotiation Khrushchov under-



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What Would Americans Do?

An editorial from The OTTAWA JOURNAL, July 4, 1961

If three out of every four magazines read by Americans were imported from Canada:

If in a single year Americans read 147,000,000 copies of Canadian magazines compared to 45,000,000 copies of their own magazines:

If distribution of 40 per cent of all magazines sold on U.S. newsstands was controlled by two Canadian companies:

If two Canadian-owned and controlled magazines publishing so-called "U.S. editions" in the U.S. were taking between them 40 per cent of all U.S. consumer magazine advertising:

If these two Canadian-owned "U.S. editions" in the U.S. were using second-hand editorial material from a Canadian parent editorial pool to provide unfair competition for U.S. magazines, threatening them with extinction:

If these Canadian-owned magazines with their "U.S. editions" were reaping profits not only greater than the profits of American magazines but greater even than the profits of their parent Canadian companies—in such circumstances, WHAT WOULD AMERICANS DO?

We think we know what they would do. And we think also that they would do it without asking or waiting for permission from Canada.

And the Americans would be right.

For if a nation be unwilling to safeguard its own communications, or be afraid to safeguard them, it is hardly fit to be a nation.

The report of the Royal Commission on Publications went out of its way to try to explain this to Americans—to appeal to their sense of what was just and fair. And if ever a report was free of anti-Americanism, it was this report.

* * *

Some Canadian editors—happily not a majority—have been saying that the recommendations of the Royal Commission would interfere with the "free flow of ideas."

The only comment that can be made on this—made perhaps more in the interest of charity than of truth—is that editors speaking such nonsense cannot have read the report.

For not a line, not a word, not a syllable in the report recommended or suggested anything which in any way whatsoever would interfere with the editorial content, the views or the ideas of any American

magazine entering Canada.

To speak of "a sort of censorship," as one Toronto newspaper has spoken of it, is either to betray gross stupidity, or to willingly do violence to language.

Not an editorial line nor word in any American magazine entering Canada would be censored or taxed or in any way interfered with. *Time* magazine as it is published in the U.S., *Reader's Digest* as it is published in the U.S., the *Saturday Evening Post* as it is published in the U.S., the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harpers*, all U.S. magazines as they are published in the U.S., would enter Canada as they enter Canada now. No interference whatsoever would there be with readers' preference.

Only when American magazines changed from what they were in their own country and made themselves, for extra profit, into carriers or packaging for advertising directed to Canadian consumers, would they be touched.

Where the censorship there? Where the tax on ideas? Where the interference with the "free flow of information"?

And speaking of the "free flow of information," what about the free flow of Canadian information—the free flow of information east and west in Canada; between Canadian provinces? Is that to be dammed, stopped, so that Mr. HENRY LUCE's vast magazine empire may reap greater profits from Canadian advertising?

* * *

Time magazine, cries a *Time* appeal to Canadians, should not be driven out of Canada.

What would be driven out of Canada? *Time* (Canada), a split-run device to garner Canadian advertising at the expense of Canadian periodicals, at the expense of Canada's own communications, never was in Canada.

Time (Canada) was owned in the U.S. *Time* (Canada's) so-called Canadian news was edited and processed in New York. *Time* (Canada) was printed in Chicago. *Time* (Canada) was mailed to its Canadian subscribers from Chicago—its postage paid to the U.S. post office. *Time* (Canada) had no physical assets in Canada—nothing but what it called its publishing office in Montreal (actually the office of its distinguished counsel), plus an office in Toronto from which its amiable Mr. LARRY

LAYBOURNE sold Canadian advertising.

That was—and is—*Time* in Canada; the very refinement of a split-run, a pure unadulterated device to make substantial profits for Mr. HENRY LUCE out of Canadian advertising (it should be said for Mr. LUCE, however, that he publicly repudiated the claim of his subordinates that *Time* (Canada) was a Canadian magazine).

* * *

THE JOURNAL must say that for *Reader's Digest* it has a degree of sympathy; it has never claimed that it was a "Canadian magazine," it did in some measure operate in Canada, employing Canadians and Canadian materials, and it is in a sense a magazine of universal appeal, though why, God only knows. If, therefore, some sort of exception could be made of it, perhaps not many Canadians would mind. The question is how to do it.

* * *

Nevertheless, if a choice has to be made between the continued existence in Canada of *Time* (Canada) and *Reader's Digest* and the existence of our own Canadian publications—our own Canadian communications—then surely there can be no doubt nor question over what that choice should be.

If we are unwilling or afraid to make the choice, let ourselves be bamboozled by ignorant talk about "press freedom" and "censorship," then for Heaven's sake and our own integrity let's stop talking about "Canadianism."

THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON PUBLICATIONS



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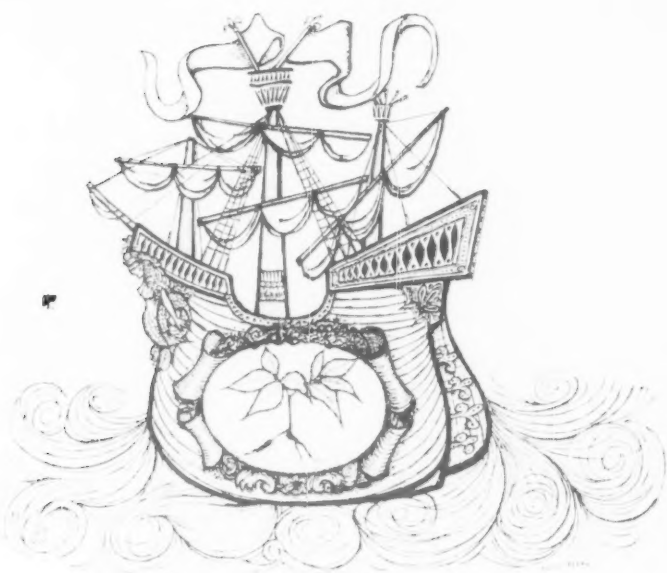
behind with his grandmother to finish his schooling. He followed them in 1953. Many cousins and boyhood friends remained behind. Sieler doesn't pretend to be well read on international affairs, but he has likely had more firsthand experience of Communism than many a western politician who has a hatful of opinions about Russian intentions.

"To a German it seems simple," he says. "We are here on the Ku-damm tonight. The Russians say they want peace, but what they really want is the Ku-damm and all of Berlin. Or maybe the 'free city' would really be a free city for a while, two or three years even. Then one day, one morning would be enough, when the Americans are arguing about something

else — poof! West Berlin would be swallowed up. Would the Americans really go to war to get it back? All would be quiet then for a long time. Then Russia would start making troubles for West Germany and after that, years after, for France. Communist children are taught that it's only a matter of time. They're taught that wars are not necessary any more." Klaus took me for a city tour by night in his Volkswagen. We stopped inevitably to stare at the Brandenburg Gate. The floodlights on the western side made the massive arch look stark and grim against the rain-washed sky.

"It's a long way from here to Canada," Klaus said, "but don't you agree we've got to stop them somewhere?" ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



How the Canadians sold tea to China

MANY CANADIANS had never heard of ginseng tea until recently, when the Dalai Lama of Tibet suggested that Marilyn Monroe needed some to improve her health and fatten herself up. He had just seen her in the movie *Some Like It Hot*, and he thought she looked thin and sickly.

But there was a time when ginseng — a foot-high plant that has a root with a licorice-like flavor — was the most profitable crop in Canada. Some ginseng is exported from Canada and the U. S. today, but it's more than two centuries since the little plant was big business for Canadian farmers.

In 1714 a French priest heard through the Royal Society in London that there was a shortage of ginseng in China, where (as now) tea made from the root was popular as a cure-all. Searching the forest near Montreal, the priest found patches of wild ginseng. Soon the Company of the West Indies was shipping loads of it from Quebec to China. By 1752, annual shipments of ginseng were running to a hundred thousand dollars' worth, at five dollars a pound.

At that price, settlers were searching feverishly for the plant in Quebec and

parts of what is now Ontario. Farmers abandoned their crops and took their families into the woods to gather ginseng. Nobody knew much about the plant, except that it was the most profitable crop Canadian farmers had ever known.

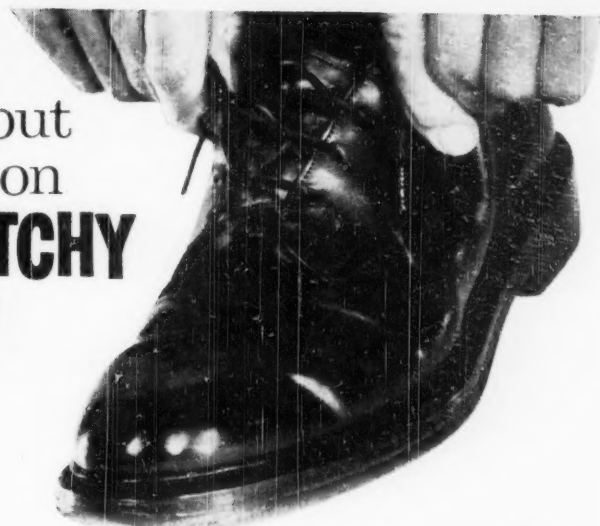
Suddenly, the demand ceased. Reluctantly, the settlers went back to their plows. The drop in the ginseng market, they supposed, was a result of some whim of the inscrutable Chinese.

Too late, they found out what had happened. In the rush to harvest and sell ginseng, some settlers had uprooted the plants in May, instead of at maturity in August or September; and, not knowing the roots had to be dried slowly in the shade to bring out the flavor, they had done the curing quickly in bake ovens.

When the Company of the West Indies had refused to buy the hastily cured ginseng, a few merchants in Quebec had sent shipments privately to China. The bad batches had so shaken Chinese confidence in all North American ginseng that it was years before even a modest trans-Pacific trade in the little plant could get started again.

— ERIC W. HOUNSOM

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BACKGROUND

Why some Stratford people don't like the Festival

The Stratford Shakespearean Festival has, in eight years, changed Stratford from a quiet western Ontario town of 19,000 people into an international tourist centre of 20,000 people. But many people in Stratford are unhappy about the change.

For one thing, very few people have profited from the tourist trade. Local business has increased — some merchants estimate by as much as \$2,000,000 a year—but most of the money goes to tourist homes, restaurants and hotels. For merchants who don't cater to festival visitors, the festival is little more than an annual nuisance. "I spend more time giving directions to people," one florist on the main street says, "than I do selling flowers."

For another, traffic has increased so much that some residential streets around the theatre have been turned into one-way thoroughfares. One resident says, "I feel like I'm living on the Indianapolis Speedway." The police commission has hired four new traffic officers to help the one traffic policeman the town used to have. Since the festival, the town's annual budget has doubled and local taxes have increased by one third. The festival pays no taxes.

Festival actors have been accepted by most Stratford residents. "Children still stop me in the street and ask if I'm a beatnik," says Peter Donat. "But at the Stratford Tennis Club, where I play, I get along well with the other members. They don't ask me where I work and I don't ask them where they work."

Some of the people who have been attracted to the festival don't get along as well as the festival actors do. Last month three young men—none of them Stratford residents—opened an after-hours café to serve cool jazz and hot coffee. Before they opened, the town council debated putting them out of business by rezoning their property as a residential area. Since they opened local residents have watched them with growing indignation. The Rev. Charles Struck, whose Stratford Pentecostal Church is across the street from the café, says, "I've seen things going on there—petting on the doorstep in broad daylight, for instance—that shouldn't happen in a respectable town." Local

police investigated the café but found nothing wrong with it.

"You have to live in Stratford to understand how people feel," E. K. Anderson, the deputy chief of police, says. "We have one of the prettiest park systems in Western Ontario. But if a local resident wants to have a picnic there these days he trips over some guy wearing a beret and carrying a tripod and twelve cameras slung around his neck." The parks commission spent \$22,000 this year to develop ten new acres but there still isn't room for the estimated 8,000 people who crowd into the park on week ends. Many Stratford residents now drive 30 miles to Lake Huron for an outing.

"The festival has done a lot for Stratford and people realize it," Anderson says. "But I've been around this town long enough to know that some people are getting fed up. They tell me so and sometimes, I must admit, I feel a little bit the same way myself."

— JANE BECKER

FOOTNOTES

About modern music-making: Piano students can now keep time with an electronic transistorized metronome, composers can write music with a typewriter that transcribes musical notes, and scusaphone players can relax with an instrument that has a lightweight fibreglass bell.

About employment: Remember Glen Exelby, the unemployed salesman who was interviewed on the CBC's Close-Up television program a few months ago in a study of what it's like to be unemployed? Remember the ensuing uproar when it was announced in parliament that he had been paid to appear? Exelby is working now — he has been since April 23, as a salesman in and around Hamilton. He's moved from his house to an apartment. Mac-

lean's sent a reporter there to see how he'd been getting along and whether the publicity had done him any lasting harm. When she got there, Exelby said he wouldn't talk to her unless we paid him.

About periodontal health: In a recent U. S. study, people from broken homes and people with marital problems showed a significantly higher incidence of bleeding gums than well-adjusted people.

About holding hands: Doctors are discovering that it's therapeutic as well as romantic. In Sarnia, Ont., the General Hospital now allows husbands to stay with their pregnant wives during labor, and in Wales the Pontypridd and Rhondda hospital has gone even further. The hospital has hired two professional hand-holders to comfort patients in maternity wards.

BACKTALK about beauty parlors — from an owner

Maclean's of July 29 carried an article by Marika Robert on Toronto health-and-beauty entrepreneur Paul Pogue (*Can EVERYBODY be beautiful?*) that aroused some lively reaction from, among other people, Paul Pogue. Pogue's objections to Mrs. Robert's portrait are worth noting in their own right—for the light they cast, from inside, on a business most Canadians take for granted. To wit:

I'm damn good and indignant about Marika Robert's story of me and my business. It was written as a fairy tale and contained a couple of inaccuracies which made it sound like one. First, I did not start the Pogue Health Services—my two brothers (to whom I am very grateful) started this business in the fall of 1933, when I was walking the corridors of the Orangeville Collegiate Institute, not, as depicted in Maclean's, "walking the streets of Toronto," wondering what to do. Second, I did not claim to be able to buy a supply item at 27c which sells for \$2.35. Such a markup is just plain crazy. Third, I did



Paul Pogue, businessman

not say that I thought the middleman was making too much money — the poor guy is hardly making enough as it is with all the discounts he must offer to make sales.

But those details are not really what makes me mad. What does is the impression that I am primarily in the beauty field. I am a businessman. I am not a hairdresser—I wouldn't know which end of a comb to pick up. I have made forthright statements about the beauty business and I stand by them.

I know better than most people that there are many men and women of integrity in the beauty business. But there are also some people whose activities deserve a hard look.

1) Approximately 11% of the people who go into the hairdressing business stay in it. The others either go broke or get fed up. Some large manufacturers have quit making products for beauty parlors; a few jobbers are in bad shape because of the high credit risk they run in dealing with salon owners. Some have sent their salesmen out as collectors and others will sell only out of the salesman's car or trunk and for cash.

2) The business abounds with larceny. Under-the-counter kickbacks are commonplace; in fact, the practice has been rampant.

3) There are well-known cases of salons operating as fronts for call girls.

4) Income tax evasion is rife. Unscrupulous salons are "apron-pocket" deals with inadequate bookkeeping practices. Occasionally we read of a stockbroker or a businessman being nailed for beating the government out of \$10,000 or \$50,000 in income tax. This is small potatoes compared to what is being stolen every day out of the pockets of other Canadians by hairdressers across the country. I'll bet that if the Department of National Revenue checked the incomes of some of the 10,000 or so beauty salons operating in Canada—it could be done easily by checking their laundry charges, usually about 2% of gross revenue—it would uncover some pretty shocking facts.

Part of my business, of course, is in this field. I'm able to make a legitimate profit by careful bookkeeping and up-to-date management practices. I think this proves that there's plenty of room for legitimate enterprise in this murky field and to try to prove it more, I allow my name, my most priceless possession, to be involved—even though I'm aware of the stigma that might be attached to it. But I'm still indignant when anyone gives the impression that I'm nothing more than a beauty-parlor operator. ✓

— FRANCES BALDWIN

How a jobless man can get a free ride from home

It's possible to be moved lock, stock and children nearly anywhere in Canada at government expense. To qualify you have to be (1) unemployed, but with a steady job waiting in another part of Canada; (2) unable to meet your own moving expenses, and (3) living in a part of Canada considered by the National Employment Service of the Unemployment Insurance Commission to be a labor surplus area.

From April 1960, to April 1961, NES moved 271 workers and 570 dependents at costs ranging from \$50 (for a family that moved from Atikokan, Ont., to Fort William) to \$1,000.

NES, usually after some pressure from unions and unemployed, decides when an area has a labor surplus. Generally, such areas are one-industry communities, where that industry has gone flat. Current labor surplus areas

are Cornwall, Elliot Lake, Belleville and Atikokan in Ontario; Sydney, Sydney Mines and Springhill in Nova Scotia; and St. John's, Nfld.

The program has been going on since 1948, although it's scarcely been noticed until this year. Even now, NES director Bill Thomson points out, the 800 people moved last year hardly compared to the 40,000 every year for whom the UIC finds distant jobs and who move at their own expense, or at the expense of their new employers.

Where do the people from labor surplus areas go? This year they've gone to Hope, B.C.; London, Ont.; Percival, Sask.; Kenora, Ont.; Winnipeg; Montreal—anywhere there is a job waiting for them. But since most of the labor surplus areas have been mining towns, many of the men have gone to other mining areas. A number of Bell Island,

Nfld., men went to Thompson, Man., for example.

Men moved out of the labor surplus areas do not always go to the same kind of job they have held. One of the Elliot Lake miners had been a school teacher until he was attracted to uranium wages. When uranium folded, the employment service found him a teaching job and moved his family to it. In some cases, the same families have been moved more than once. A Maritime family was moved to Belleville and then to Thompson, when the smelter in Belleville was shut down. In two cases, families have been sent back home when a job didn't pan out.

One request which was refused concerned a family which wanted to be moved to a job in the U.S. The job has to be in Canada.



BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman



Keith Davey and Dick O'Hagan: Pearson's personal tastemakers.

Yes, there is a new Mike Pearson; now he wants to be prime minister

tioned. "It took us a long time," says one leading Ottawa Liberal, "but we've finally realized that in the next election we'll be campaigning on our promises, not on our record."

The party is currently financing its own national public opinion polls to discover what issues concern the greatest number of Canadians. Much of the Liberal platform will come out of the resolutions adopted by the party rally held last January. The main planks are a national health scheme, a federal system of university scholarships, establishment of a loan fund for municipal improvements, more effective unemployment cures and welfare measures.

The pivotal point of Liberal electoral strategy is the new image planned for the party leader. All placards will refer to him only as "MIKE" and attempts will be made to portray him as a very different politician from the man who led the party to its most humiliating defeat in the 1958 campaign.

Is Pearson really different? Or is an improvement in his political instincts strictly the product of his image-makers? If Pearson has changed, it is in the way he views his job. When he first took over the Liberal leadership, he seemed to regard as his main function the scrutiny of government legislation, so that the Conservatives would constantly have to defend and justify their legislative behavior. After three years of playing this watchdog role, he has become convinced that it's really not very effective. Under our parliamentary system, the opposition rarely succeeds in changing the legislative mind of the government. That was true when the Liberals were in power, and it's true now. Pearson has therefore adopted a new philosophy. He now sees the purpose of the opposition as a focus for the discontent of the electorate. That is, he views his job not as criticizing government policies, but as being the instrument through whom the people can throw out the party in power. This change of attitude is more revolutionary than it sounds, because, in the process, Pearson has become interested in political organization — a field that in the past he openly considered boring.

As part of his revitalization of the party machine, Pearson has brought in, as executive director of the National Liberal Federation, Keith Davey, a 35-year-old former Toronto radio station sales manager. He has also appointed to his personal staff 33-year-old Dick O'Hagan, a former newspaperman and advertising executive. They're a couple of bright-eyed, bushy-tailed organizers who believe that Pearson and his policies must be sold to the country, and sold hard. If enthusiasm alone could win elections, Davey and O'Hagan would push the Liberals back into power.

In the few weeks Davey has held his job, he's reawakened much of the party's dormant machinery. Provinces have been assigned the number of MPs they're to deliver in the next federal campaign, and organizational follow-ups are now in the process of being worked out. These are the targets: Newfoundland, 5; P.E.I., 3; Nova Scotia, 3; New Brunswick, 5; Quebec, 65; Ontario, 45; Manitoba, 4; Saskatchewan, 8; Alberta, 2; B.C., 3.

The change in Pearson goes deeper than his newly acquired interest in political organization. Unlike most leaders of the opposition, he already had a place assured in Canadian and world history when he assumed that office. He lacked the zest for power that an effective opposition leader must have. There was about him an air of reserve, a feeling that he should not be drawn into situations where his prestige would be risked in routine encounters. He confessed to one close friend that he just couldn't walk up to strangers and pump their hands without being afraid of either invading their privacy or compromising his own dignity.

He still hasn't kissed any babies, but much of his stiffness has disappeared. He's no longer self-conscious about being a politician. At a Liberal hotel banquet in Brantford, Ont., recently, Pearson deliberately left

the assembled faithful, walked into the kitchen and shook hands with the cook and all his staff. In the first six months of this year, his speech-making tours totaled 23,437 miles.

Pearson's closest friends say his changed attitude to politics is due simply to this fact: at long last he very much wants to become prime minister. They insist that he's not interested in power for its own sake, but that he does wish to have the powers of the office to transform his ideas into action. His drive for power is doubly strong because most of these ideas are in the field of Canada's external affairs where he remains emotionally committed. Pearson would like to make Canada the leader in the United Nations against the Russian attack on the secretary-general's office; he wants Canada to lead in the formation of a north Atlantic free trade area; and he believes we're not fulfilling our responsibilities toward Latin America. Although his public pronouncements on international affairs seldom criticize the current external affairs policy, he has complained to friends that the Diefenbaker government is hurting western internationalism by overly nationalistic attitudes.

He believes there's a swing away from Diefenbaker

Having become anxious to gain power, Pearson has at the same time become more optimistic about achieving it. This has been the toughest transition of all. Day after day, during the parliamentary session, Pearson has had to walk into a House of Commons awash with Conservative MPs. His band of Liberals, who could be squeezed into ten taxis, are outnumbered three to one in the green chamber, and only half a dozen of his colleagues ever make significant contributions to debate. Until recently, Pearson thought that the acre of mocking Conservative faces in the House was a true reflection of the country's mood. Now, buoyed up by optimistic advisers, and trusting in his diagnosis of a national swing away from Diefenbaker, he feels that the federal prime ministership is within his grasp.

This itch for office has transformed him into a more ruthless party leader. After the by-election defeat in Restigouche-Madawaska in northern New Brunswick last May, he demanded explanations from responsible party executives in a tone which his diplomatic colleagues would not have recognized. It was also Pearson's personal leadership which saved for the Liberals whatever credit there was for any party in the Coyne affair. He bluntly overruled much of the Liberal caucus which had advised him against standing up for a man who had been exposed as having agreed to the doubling of his already high pension. After the Coyne hearings proved that Pearson's stand had been politically astute, the Liberal caucus was so delighted that members took up a collection and bought their boss an inscribed desk barometer.

Pearson is temperamentally prepared for the election campaign, and for the first time since he took over in January, 1958, he is fully in control of the Liberal party. "What we've finally realized," says one of the Liberals' shrewdest strategists, "is that in Mike Pearson we've got a dream candidate. We've stopped trying to persuade him to try out-Diefenbakering Diefenbaker."

As hard as Pearson's advisers are trying to make him into a big-time politician, they haven't obscured his boyish love for sports which has always been part of the man's uncalculated charm. Recently he was being driven to a Saskatchewan political rally by Jimmy Gardiner who was holding forth on the iniquities of the Tory agricultural policies. As they drove through a small elevator town, Pearson suddenly grew very excited and interrupted the rasping Gardiner. "That was Floral we just passed through," he exclaimed. "Hey, that's where Gordie Howe was born."

Every other Tuesday at 11 o'clock in the morning, a secret meeting of twelve men quietly gathers in room 409S of the parliament buildings in Ottawa to plot the overthrow of the Diefenbaker regime.

None of these schemers wear black fedoras or travel under code names, but they're just as determined to alter the government of their country as any bunch of banana republic conspirators. What they're plotting is not a bloody *coup d'état*, but a ballot-box revolution that would make Lester Pearson the prime minister of Canada.

Known as the Leader's Advisory Committee, the group is the strategic high command of the federal Liberal Party. Presided over by Pearson himself, it consists of Walter Gordon, the brilliant Toronto chartered accountant who is minister of finance in the Liberal shadow cabinet; Maj.-Gen. Bruce Matthews, party treasurer; Senator John Connolly, president of the National Liberal Federation; the four Liberal ex-cabinet ministers remaining in the House of Commons (Jack Pickersgill, Paul Martin, Lionel Chevrier and Paul Hellyer); Pearson's chief aides (Maurice Lamontagne, Allan MacEachen, and Dick O'Hagan); and Keith Davey, the party's executive director.

The immediate objective of the conspiratorial dozen is to cook up a Liberal strategy for the general election — something which, incredibly enough, the party didn't have until this committee was established three months ago.

Although the full details of that strategy remain a party secret, its basic architecture is gradually becoming known and discussed in Ottawa's upper political circles. The main Liberal rallying cry will be, "Make Canada again the envy of the world" — a status which the Liberals feel has sadly diminished under Conservative rule.

Pearson has overruled the Old Guard

The New Party will be totally ignored in the Liberal campaign, except for an occasional reference to "the socialists." In an attempt to place the Diefenbaker government on the defensive, the Liberals plan to revive the hoary accusation that the Tory party is dominated by Bay Street. They'll be concentrating personal attacks on the Toronto cabinet ministers — George Hees, Donald Fleming and Dave Walker — as examples of the government's Toryism.

Probably Pearson's main accomplishment at the strategy sessions has been the decisive way in which he has overruled the party's Old Guard who wanted to base the election campaign on a posthumous glorification of life in Canada during the twenty-two years of Liberal rule. They have been swept aside; the past record of the Liberals in power will hardly be men-



OVERSEAS REPORT

Leslie F. Hannon IN THE TWO BERLINS

**"We find ourselves an island in enemy territory . . .
so we live each day as it comes"**

WEST BERLIN — While the rest of the world watched the relentless approach of the crisis with fear and foreboding, the West Berliners were determined to enjoy the fine summer to the hilt. It would be entirely possible for a tourist to fly in for a week, have a ball and go home without realizing he had been on the fire step of a possible World War Three.

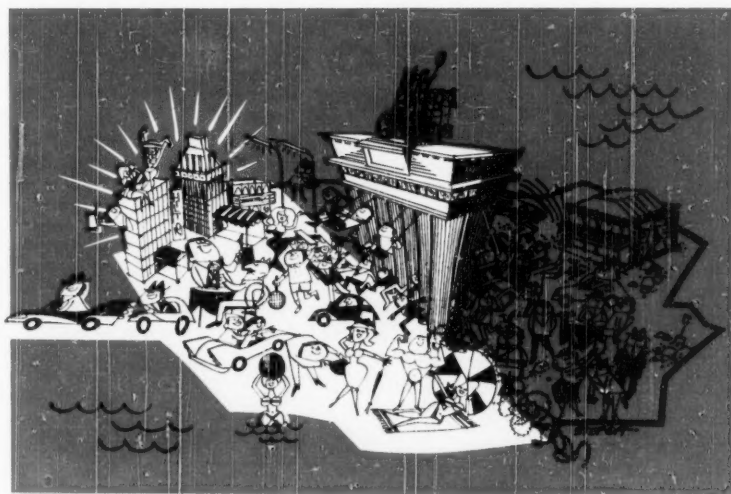
Last month gaily dressed crowds pressed against the police lines outside the Hotel Am Zoo to catch glimpses of Jayne Mansfield, imported to enliven the annual film festival. Starlets from half a dozen nations changed on the roof garden of the Hotel Hilton within view of the grim bomb-damaged chancelleries in the Soviet zone. The all-German tennis championships were under way at the Blauweiss Country Club and the tinkle of ice in tall drinks mingled with the happy shouts of children in the club's open air swimming pool. The crowds in town included, of all people, collectors of matchbox covers from seven countries — 20,000 different labels were on view at a special exhibition. A display of far-out Japanese painting drew visitors to the Academy of Art in the Hansa Quarter. The tenth German Evangelical Congress was drawing crowds of up to 80,000 at rallies in the Olympic Stadium where 3,000 brass bandmen blared and tootled.

There is a special kind of West Berlin humor. It pokes very broad fun at German efficient Nordic supermen, militarism, Professor Erhard's "economic miracle" and Chancellor Adenauer's "political miracle." I heard several versions of a current Adenauer story: the old man had finally passed away and so great was his fame that several countries vied for the right to bury him in a suitable tomb. Israel seemed likely to win out with a proposal to build a mausoleum on the highest point in Jerusalem. "Wait a minute," a knowledgeable German warns. "Remember that another leader was once buried there and he rose again."

"Oh, yes?" asks a West Berliner, "and who was that?"

New buildings and landmarks around the city have been tagged with amusing and often sardonic nicknames. The monument at Tempelhof to the allied airmen who lost their lives during the airlift of 1948-49 is in the form of a hand reaching into the sky. It's called the "hunger claw." The American Congress Hall in the Tiergarten is called the "pregnant oyster." A modernistic office block near the zoo is known as the "bikini," because one of the middle floors is open to the winds.

Are the West Berliners simply whistling in the dark? On the slopes of a rock garden behind his publishing office on the Hohenzollerndamm, I put this question to Walter Kahnert. Sun-tanned and sprightly, Kahnert has lived through sixty years of Berlin's meteoric ups and downs and has fashioned a philosophy to suit the times. After the first world war his family's fortune vanished in the galloping inflation but



by 1939 he had fought his way back to affluence. The German defeat and the bombing of Berlin flattened him again. Now he has pulled off a second comeback and is publisher in Germany of the American novelist Norman Mailer, among others.

"You find us gay," he said. "Why not? We Berliners have learned that anything we have, any possessions, are temporary. We might wake up tomorrow and poof, it's all gone. Now we find ourselves two-and-a-quarter million people on an island 110 miles inside enemy territory. I'm no politician but anyone can see that this can't go on forever. So we live each day as it comes." He pointed down the flowery slopes to a tree-lined pond. "This is more important to me. It was all rubble. I hauled every stone and planted every flower myself."

Private citizens in West Berlin delight in taking visitors on a tour of the zonal boundaries where, often unexpectedly, west meets east halfway down a suburban street. Their attitude is the same as any Montrealese when taking a tourist to the top of Mount Royal to see the view. I heard no bitterness, no muscular threats to pull down the barbed wire. At the crossing point at Döppel Klein-machnow, on the way to Potsdam, I was shown with amused chuckles how the West Berlin authorities had put up a bamboo screen around the first phone box over the border so that the East German guards couldn't keep tabs on the callers.

Apart from my serious enquiries, the only time the hidden tensions of West Berlin came to the surface was late one night at a club called The Old-Fashioned. A loquacious, tipsy customer, who informed me he was a millionaire, tried to interest me in delving deeper into the city's night life. When he departed momentarily the pretty girl who had been serving us whispered to me. "We would advise you to be careful of that man. We are not sure, but it is possible he is mixed up in Communist affairs." Touched and amused by the solicitude, I said I was going to bed anyway.

EAST BERLIN — Although I was often moved by individual scenes in the old Bertholt Brecht play *Fear and Misery in the Third Reich*, I took my cue from the German crowd and sat through the show at the Berliner Ensemble Theatre in uneasy silence. Even a bravura bit by Helene Weigel, Brecht's wife, didn't get a clap. After one curtain call the crowd filed out quietly into the dark square beside the Spree.

Well aware of the cultural asset of Brecht, the GDR authorities are eager to help visitors get seats and they'll even go so far as to allow you to spend GDR money at the box office. Only at the box office, though; in the buffet the westerner must pay for his snack with West German marks. This apparent madness stems from the fact that GDR marks can be freely purchased in West Berlin at a discount of four to one. I had changed some West German marks into GDR currency at the official rate of one for one and I had a bank receipt to prove it, but the stony-faced character in charge of the buffet in the nationally-owned theatre insisted I pay the despised Deutsche marks for my beer and sandwich. This happened to me several times in East Berlin and I finally put my few East marks away for souvenirs.

Although the looming crisis had swelled the refugee stream to the west into full flood — nine thousand a week were crossing into West Berlin — I didn't see any strong-arm stuff by the guards at the sector borders. One woman who made good her escape via the subway train reported that a policeman at the last checkpoint inside the Communist sector grinned at her and said, "One more station along the line, lady, and you're free."

My lasting impression is one of listlessness and apathy. Workmen and businessmen walk slowly along the Friedrichstrasse, unsmiling, not turning their heads to look at the large, crude cartoons of President Kennedy nursing a bandaged thumb labeled Cuba and of other Western leaders that are placed on empty sites along that once throb-

bing thoroughfare, or, for that matter, at the portraits of Walter Ulbricht in store windows.

One sees very few young people on the streets even in the early evenings. The likely reason for this is that of the 2,600,000 East Germans who have escaped to the West since 1949, half have been under 30. Fighting back manfully, if hopelessly, against the propaganda weight of the exodus, GDR officials announced last month that they had to open a new refugee camp to hold refugees from West Germany. They claimed that 40,000 had fled from the militarist West over the past six months, including young soldiers who had become convinced they were not serving the interests of peace.

GDR youth is quite remarkable if one could believe the stories published in the state-controlled press in amateurish translation. I read an article headed, "Is there a teddy-boy problem in the GDR?" The writer's answer was a resounding "No." She went on, "We do not like to use the expression teddy boy in connection with the boys and girls living in our country, the heroes for whom our new society wants to win. The youth risk their lives in the fight against Fascism and war, explore the universe, discover medicines against dangerous diseases or fill their audiences with enthusiasm at sporting events." A new movie from the Defa state studios, entitled *One Summer's Day Is Not Love*, offers GDR teen-agers the stirring tale of Christine, a crane driver at the Strasun People's Shipyards falling for a plausible guy called Jan, who has yet to learn that life always demands the whole of a person's effort.

Crisis or not, the GDR was pushing ahead with its plans for its Berlin Festival. Beginning next month the Brazilian Ballet and the Helsinki Opera are slated to appear in a program studded with artists from the Iron Curtain countries. When the torchy, nearly nude dancers of the Brazilian company appeared at an East Berlin vaudeville theatre earlier this year, the critics didn't seem sure of the party line on belly dancers. It was something new for unspoiled East Berliners.

Trying to force this pursed-lip primness on traditionally uninhibited Germans must be one of the Communist propagandists' toughest chores. "There's not a single burlesque show in the whole city," an earnest young man from the cultural ministry told me. "Socialists are simply not interested in such things." At a movie house showing the latest Brigitte Bardot epic in West Berlin I had been told that approximately every third ticket was being sold to an East Berliner. I mentioned this to my acquaintance. "It's just another of their lies," he said wearily.

Just before I left town I bumped into a party of foreign correspondents who were winding up a guided tour of the republic. I asked a portly Egyptian, who looked a trifle saddle-sore, for his main impression. In Oxbridge accents, he snapped "The coffee is simply ghastly."

ENTERTAINMENT

PROFILE: Next trick for a new musical trump card

"After Glenn Gould," wrote the Montreal Star's music critic Eric McLean earlier this year, "our next big trump card is obviously Ronald Turini." By



Turini: A Gould without antics?

this time next year, Canada's next big musical trump card will have been played — or have played himself — well toward the top of the pack among international pianists.

At 27 (a year younger than Gould),

Montrealer Turini is better known abroad than at home. He has placed close to the top in several major European festivals and last year won second prize in the prestige-laden Queen Elizabeth of Belgium competition. He is one of the only two students accepted by the Russian master Vladimir Horowitz. After his Carnegie Hall solo debut in January 1960 (with, among others, Artur Schnabel and Leonard Bernstein in the audience) New York critics trotted out phrases like "high talent," "virile technician," and "outstanding potential."

Now his reputation is spreading in Canada — thanks largely to the support of and tours arranged by Quebec's Les Jeunesses Musicales. In March of this year, Turini appeared with Russian conductor Yuri Lutsiv and the Calgary Philharmonic; they packed Calgary's 2,800-seat auditorium. One Calgary newspaper's music critic wrote: "It was the first time I could listen to

the Philharmonic without anxiety."

Next — and biggest — step for Turini will be next year's tour of Russia by the Montreal Symphony. Turini, along with the husband-and-wife team of Pierrette Alarie and Léopold Simoneau, will be a featured soloist and will also give separate recitals in Vienna, Paris, London and two Russian cities yet to be named. Some critics think his reception abroad this time will rival that given Van Cliburn a few years ago.

Another Gould? Not quite; Turini, handsome, shy, intense, retiring, hasn't the mannerisms. He's single, a sports-car fan and plays a mean game of ping-pong. He's been studying piano — with the help and urging of a mother who's an amateur pianist and cellist — since he was four, and now concentrates on more romantic material than Gould; on the Russian tour he'll play mostly Schumann and Liszt. — CATHIE BRESLIN

A get-fairly-rich-quick story from the world of books and prints—especially Audubon prints

Julia Jarvis, an energetic, gray-haired woman who owns the Dora Hood Book Room in Toronto, recently completed what she calls "the once-in-a-lifetime sale that makes a book dealer's life worth living." But she's unhappy about it. She thinks the item she sold — a set of 160 original Audubon prints — went to the wrong people.

John James Audubon was the Haitian-born American naturalist who painted 435 pictures of birds in their natural settings. Two hundred sets of prints were made from his pictures and he supported himself for years by peddling these prints. Now Audubon prints are rare and valuable collector's items. The only complete set in Canada is owned by the Toronto Public Library.

Miss Jarvis acquired her set last year from a girlhood friend who had inherited the prints from a grandfather and wanted to sell them. The prints

were unbound, in excellent condition, and were what book dealers call "double elephant folio" size, 26 inches by 40 inches. Miss Jarvis won't say who the original owner was or how much she paid her, but she does say, "I was so tickled when I saw the prints that I wrote out a cheque, on the spot."

After consulting with other rare book dealers and studying the market, Miss Jarvis set her price at \$24,000 and attempted, quietly, to sell the prints as a set in Canada. Since most deals for rare books are confidential — particularly if they aren't completed — Miss Jarvis won't name the people who offered to buy the prints. But she does say she had two offers. The first was from a foundation in western Canada that took an option on the set but later decided not to buy. The second offer, from eastern Canada, was for \$14,000. "Ridiculous," Miss Jarvis says.

When the unpublicized negotiations fell through, she listed the Audubons in her catalogue and several Canadians offered to buy individual prints. But no one wanted all of them. So Miss Jarvis finally sold the set to an American specialist in Audubons, George Goodspeed, for \$22,500. Goodspeed will probably gross twice that amount by selling the prints individually.

Miss Jarvis kept one Audubon print for herself as a "souvenir" and sent a second cheque to the original owner, bringing her share of the selling price up to 50 percent. Miss Jarvis still feels someone in Canada should have bought the complete set of prints. "Canadians talk a good deal about preserving their culture and appreciating the finer things in life," she says, "but when it comes to paying for them, they salt their money away in stocks and bonds." — WENDY MICHENER

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

The perils of being Gina

COME SEPTEMBER: A handsome, genial but too-strenuous romantic comedy starring Gina Lollobrigida as an ornament of Italy and Rock Hudson as a rich American who has an annual one-month reunion with her in his Italian villa. When he unexpectedly arrives in July instead of September he finds out that his wily major domo (Walter Slezak) has been turning the mansion into a hotel and pocketing the profits. Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin are among the unwanted but unmovable "guests."

BLAST OF SILENCE: Except for an annoyingly insistent and unnecessary offscreen "narrator," this low-budget Manhattan crime drama is a gripping little film — and is probably destined for double-bill obscurity. Writer-director Allen Baron portrays a professional assassin who tries, half-heartedly, to walk out on his latest "contract."

GOODBYE AGAIN: Elegant in style but sluggish in tempo is this comedy about a tentative love affair in Paris between a Frenchwoman of 40 (Ingrid Bergman) and a gangling, coltish American of 25 (Anthony Perkins). The lady's "regular" consort (Yves Montand) keeps coming back like a song but insists on his right to enjoy other allegiances on the side.

And these are worth seeing:

Call Me Genius
La Dolce Vita
Fanny
The Guns of Navarone
The Parent Trap
Rocco and His Brothers

THE CASE FOR Huckleberry Hound as Mordecai Richler sees it

Television, the largest of borrowers, has cribbed from, and diminished in the process, the theatre, the novel, and the cinema. Only in making the inevitable trip to the comic strip has it actually enlarged and improved on another medium. Naturally, I speak here of Huckleberry Hound. Huckle, the incomparable. He is, to my mind, one of the most fully rounded, outspoken, and lovable characters on television. Huckle, it's true, is only an animated character, but there is more flesh and blood in him than there is to, say, Ed Sullivan.

I also think that Huckleberry is a first-rate salesman. He couldn't, for instance, make the switch from Mercury to Kodak as easily as Ed Sullivan. He believes in Kellogg's Corn Flakes. I think he may feel even more deeply about it than Joel Aldred ever did, and that's going some. Speaking viewer-wise I can dig Perry Mason without identifying with Kleenex, but as long as Huckle sticks with Kellogg's there will be no competing brands in our house.

Huckleberry and his sophisticated community of friends, including those crazy, mixed-up meeces, Trixie and Dixie; Mr. Jinks, the beat cat; and Yogi Bear, of Jellystone Park, are true inventions. They make the comic-strip characters of my own day — Goofy, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse — seem paper-thin. As James Joyce extended the uses of the novel, so the creators of Huckleberry & Co. have added a new dimension to the animated cartoon.

The first of the "intelligent" strips was, I think, Barnaby, in the now defunct PM. There is also Pogo and Mr. Magoo. But, in my opinion, all these forebears of Huckleberry were (or still are) self-consciously bright. Huckleberry is an effortless rebel and intellectual. Even Yogi Bear is sometimes alarmingly up-to-date in his asides. He recently remarked to the guard at Jellystone Park that, if so much money was being spent on nuclear weapons, soon obsolete, why not more and better food for the bears at Jellystone? Altogether



Huck and Mordy

subversive, this, I doubt if it could get by on our own GM Presents.

In fact, in passing, one is inclined to think that Huckleberry's sponsor, unlike some others I could name, is completely enlightened.

And Huckle himself, as I said earlier, is incomparable. I know, because every Wednesday afternoon at five-thirty I gather with my children round the TV set, they with their Huckleberry cutouts, Kellogg's box tops, and Yogi Bear punching bags, me with my gin and tonic, to watch. Intrepid, witty, and humble, Huckleberry is superb, whether satirizing the unrehearsed TV interview (he reads shamelessly from the teleprompter), the Western myth, Ed Sullivan, or the lion hunt.

Perry Mason will never lose a case, dammit, and nobody this side of Forest Hill will ever outgun Lorne Greene, but Huckleberry is entirely human. Like you and me, he has his frailties. And television being what it is, this is something to celebrate. — MORDECAI RICHLER

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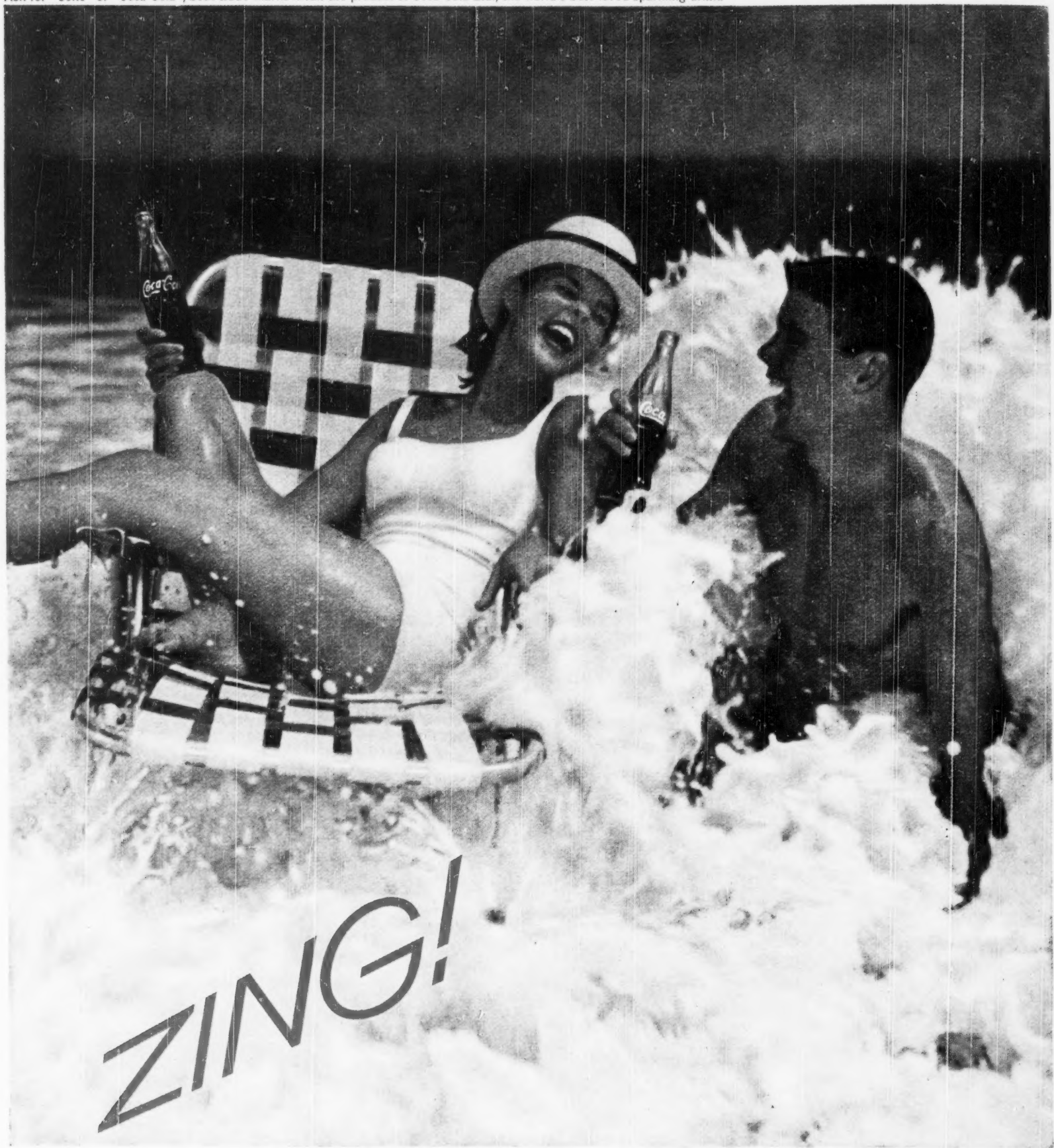
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